The Nation.

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The Week.

No great party ever had a more troublesome idol than the Republican party has in Mr. Blaine. He is perpetually subjecting it to unexpected strains, which leave it rent with new dissensions, and weakened by fresh defections of men who can invent no further excuses for his extraordinary conduct. He cost his party thousands of votes when he induced it to nominate him for the Presidency in 1884, and cost it also its self-respect by forcing it into a defence and condonation of his public record. In 1888 he again subjected it to the strain of defending the sincerity of his professions that he was no longer a candidate, while his confidential friends were working like beavers to "set up" his nomination in the Convention. This year's strain has been the severest of all, and the party as a whole has shown less ability to withstand it than on any previous occasion. As a member of President Harrison's Cabinet, Mr. Blaine was bound by etiquette not to be a candidate against his chief before the Convention. He has himself recognized the binding nature of this etiquette in repeated public and private utterances, and only a few months ago he did so in the most formal manner possible by sending a letter to the Chairman of the National Committee of his party, declaring that he should not be a candidate before the Convention. His party accepted this letter as sincere. Yet three days before the Convention meets, he himself declares, in effect, that what he wrote was not sincere, that he has all the time as a member of the President's Cabinet been intriguing against the President's nomination, and that he is in the field as a candidate against him.

This is not a hostile interpretation of Mr. Blaine's curt resignation from the Cabinet, but the interpretation which men hitherto his devoted friends at once put upon it. These agreed that it meant a declaration of his own candidacy and of hostility to Harrison's candidacy. Mr. Chauncey Depew, for example, for years one of Mr. Blaine's most ardent admirers, declared his course to be "nothing less than indecent," and predicted that "his duplicity and insincerity will drive him out of the race and out of politics." The changed attitude of the Republican press is as significant as this and similar utterances of the party's leading representatives. In every other dramatic and sensational episode of his career, and especially in previous assaults upon the Presidential nomination, Mr. Blaine has had the enthusiastic support of the New York *Tribune*, the Philadelphia *Press*, the Boston *Journal*, the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, and other leading newspapers of his party. All of these, as well as the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, the Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye*, and other equally conspicuous party organs, are in favor of Harrison's candidacy in preference to his, and many of them are openly condemning his present course. It is plain from these defections that he is weaker with his party than he has ever been before, and that if he should be able to persuade its delegates into committing the blunder of nominating him, he would go before the country with a following greatly diminished from that which he had when he was defeated in 1884.

The purely factional nature of the division in the Republican ranks forbids the hope of so salutary a schism at Minneapolis as that which destroyed the ante-bellum Democratic party at Charleston in 1860. There is no principle or line of public policy for which Blaine or Harrison can be said to stand as contradistinguished one from the other; in fact, they are in the ludicrous position of contending each for the sole glory, such as it is, of the present Administration. The choice of Mr. Sherman, on the other hand, which cannot be considered remotely probable, would mean the taking of a definite attitude on the silver question; that of Mr. McKinley would accentuate the tariff issue; that of Mr. Reed, perhaps, would mean an intimation, at least, of a revival of the Force Bill. The platform will glance at all these issues, but the nomination depends on the party orthodoxy of no man—for there is no such thing as Republican orthodoxy—but solely on "availability." Whoever can "get the votes" or "carry," is a good-enough Republican for this occasion; and never was our political gambling more undisguised than at Minneapolis at this moment, where not a ray of honest enthusiasm for a cause or a moral idea is visible. War-whoop tactics, with brass-band and bunting accompaniments, are the order of the day; buying and selling openly takes the place of discussion and persuasion; the most discredited bosses, Mahone, Quay, Platt, Foraker, Clarkson, direct the intrigues in the interest of public plunder and against the renomination of the present head of the party.

While, at the present writing, Mr. Harrison still seems likely to be made once more the candidate of his party, the more important question is, what good the nomination will do him when he gets it. At best his chances of a reëlection have never been promising. The first popular verdict upon his Administration, at the Congressional elections in 1890, was the most overwhelming rebuke ever administered to a party. There was no evidence that Harrison's personality did anything to weaken the force of this blow. Nor is there any indication that he has gained strength personally during the past two years. On the contrary, there is abundant evidence, accessible to any one who will make inquiries among Republicans, that the President has a singularly weak hold upon his party, and that thousands upon thousands among those who voted for him four years ago to-day are either doubtful whether they will take the trouble to go to the polls next November, or say that they shall go there and vote for Cleveland if the Democrats give them a chance.

The situation at Minneapolis and the Republican outlook for the campaign both emphasize the folly and the weakness of the spoils system. Harrison's cause at Minneapolis is greatly hampered by the fact that so large a proportion of the delegates and "workers" for him are Federal office-holders, whose bread and butter is at stake. Such supporters always do a man more harm than good. Even if he gets a majority of the Convention through the votes of these office-holders, his cause will be quite as much hampered during the campaign by the hostilities which the distribution of the patronage has provoked. A host of men from Platt down oppose Harrison's nomination because he has not given them what they wanted. These men are not going to work for his election, because they know very well "there is nothing in it for them." The result is that Harrison, in 1892, with all the offices, will be far weaker than he was in 1888 without one, while Cleveland will profit as much as Harrison loses by the reversal of the situation in his case.

The Syracuse Convention did its work thoroughly well. It adopted an excellent platform of principles, elected a strong delegation to the National Convention, and approved the ticket for Presidential electors framed by the "Snap" Convention, to which no objection has been raised by anybody. Hardly any opposition was manifested to the idea of choosing a contesting delegation, as almost everybody recognized the absurdity of doing anything else. Whether this delegation is admitted to the National Convention in whole or in part is a matter of little consequence, but it was of the very first importance that representatives of this movement should go to Chicago with full authority to state the reasons for its existence and for its recognition. So far as the nomination of Cleveland is concerned, the votes of this delegation will not be needed; and when he is nominated, its action regarding Presidential electors leaves but one ticket for De-

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mocrats to support. The strongest testimony to the wisdom which characterized the Convention is furnished by the disappointment expressed alike by the Hill Democrats and by the Republicans.

There was a protracted and hot debate in the House last Friday and Saturday over a section of the Post-office Appropriation Bill proposed by the Committee on Appropriations, providing that all railroads should have their charges for carrying the mails fixed by the Postmaster-General, and that such charges should not in any case exceed one-half the amounts paid by private parties for similar service. This attempted confiscation of private property was strenuously opposed by Mr. Hayes of Iowa, Mr. Castle of Minnesota, Mr. Hooker of Mississippi, Mr. Weadock of Michigan, and others, and was finally defeated in Committee of the Whole by a vote of 51 to 104. Subsequently, Mr. Holman moved to recommit the bill, with instructions to report an amendment restricting the compensation of land-grant railroads to 70 per cent. of that allowed to other railroads. This, too, was voted down by 87 to 110. There has hardly been anything in the proceedings of the House this year more happily illustrative of the value of debate than the proceedings on this measure. The result demonstrates again, and perhaps for the fortieth time, that Mr. Holman, the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, has lost the confidence of the House, if he ever had it, and that he is estimated at his true value, as an antique humbug and demagogue who will bear watching.

The passage of the Anti-Option Bill by a very large majority in the House recalls attention to an undoubted evil in our system of legislation and government, namely, the practice of suppressing or hindering lawful occupations by Federal taxation. If this Anti-Option Bill *prohibited* trading in grain, cotton, etc., for future delivery by appropriate words, it would be unconstitutional, and would be so pronounced by the courts as soon as they could get at it. But coming in the form of a Federal tax, having the same effect as prohibition, it cannot be, or is not likely to be, upset by the courts. Thus we have the solecism which President Lincoln, in one of his debates with Douglas, repudiated and ridiculed, that there is a constitutional way to violate the Constitution. The first time that this power was used was in the 10 per cent. tax on State bank notes, which is now threatened with repeal. A later instance was the tax on oleomargarine —as flagrant a usurpation and as gross an abuse of power as can be found in the dominions of the Czar or of the Sultan. And now we have this tax on contracts for future delivery—an odious measure, carried out by unwarrantable means. There is no reason why the buying and selling of broadcloth or of cotton cloth should not be prohibited by the same means. There is no reason why this boasted land of liberty should not be turned into the most intolerable despotism. We still have hope that this measure may be stopped in the Senate or by a veto.

Victims of "corners" in commodities are doubtless protected to a considerable extent by the statutes; but the chief protection against such schemes, after all, is the series of pitfalls with which natural and commercial conditions have surrounded the would-be cornerers. The lately collapsed "corner" in corn for May delivery illustrates this fact. The calculations of the two young gentlemen who undertook to corner the Chicago market, and, by controlling the whole supply of May corn, to force their fellow-brokers to pay any price demanded, were cleverly made. There is a story that they even persuaded the largest "dryer" of corn, on whose output expectations for May delivery had been based, to announce that his corn would not "grade," and could not be delivered before June. Whether this device was, or was not, a part of the scheme, the "corner" worked famously, and on the last day of May the price had risen from 40 cents to $1 a bushel. Unfortunately for these calculations, it was found that two could play at the game. The manipulator of a "corner" defies both written and unwritten law, and he cannot expect to enjoy the courtesies of trade. The cornered brokers who had previously sold corn at fifty cents for delivery on the last day, came coolly into the market offering the same corn to the manipulators at a dollar a bushel. Asked for an explanation, they quietly announced their intention of defaulting on their earlier contracts, and seeking shelter under the law against "corners." This was certainly not a very reputable procedure, and it resulted promptly in the collapse of the "corner" and the ruin of the "corner's" organizers; but it is not easy to apply principles of common morality in a controversy where both parties proclaim their indifference to such principles. The wholesome lesson of this episode, as of many of its predecessors, is that the schemer for a "corner" is a commercial outlaw. Every man's hand is against him, and the public's best protection is the certainty of bad faith among the manipulators.

It was reported last week that the Reading Railroad was about to enter into competition with the Pennsylvania Railroad in supplying bituminous coal to Buffalo and to this city. Should this report prove true, it would only furnish another illustration of the great difficulty which even the most powerful monopoly finds in securing anything more than the normal rate of profit. It was argued at the time of the combination of the coal roads, that any attempt to force up the price of anthracite coal beyond a figure that would afford a fair return on the capital invested, would defeat itself by stimulating the consumption of soft coal. We may now see the very agency to which such horrible designs have been attributed by some excited journals, such as the *World* and the *Christian Union*, compelled by the force of circumstances to adopt measures that must necessarily result in reducing the price of coal of all descriptions. For if the Reading, supported by the New York Central, proposes to engage in the soft-coal traffic, there will be a rate war with the Pennsylvania, which, of course, means cheaper coal to the consumer. And if bituminous coal becomes cheaper, it will to a certain extent be used in place of anthracite, in which case, the supply of the latter being in excess of the demand, its price must fall.

The reduction by one of the largest banks in the city of New York of the rate of interest allowed upon the deposits of out-of-town banks is a very significant occurrence. It is one of the peculiarities of our National Banking Law that the "country" banks are allowed to place a certain part of their deposits in the custody of the banks in the great cities, while counting this money as a part of their "reserve." The country banks have made some interest on their reserves, the city banks have earned a margin of interest over what they have paid, and money has been collected where it was most in demand. The condition of the business has been of course the ability of the city banks to earn more interest on this money than they paid, and the amount paid has varied with the amount earned. When the demand for money was brisk, there was a natural competition among the city banks for the deposits of those of the country, and the reduction of the interest allowed, even by one bank, shows that competition is not active, and that the demand for money—at such rates as have prevailed—is not brisk. This state of things seems to have astonished many commentators on financial affairs, but there is much reason for maintaining that so many causes are tending to produce this result that the only perplexity in the matter arises in determining which cause is most potent.

Eleven months of the fiscal year are now past, and the situation of the Treasury is more critical than it has been at any time since the resumption of specie payments. On the operations of the month of May a deficit of $4,250,000 appears. The net cash balance is down to a trifle over $26,000,000, of which $14,459,497 is in unavailable subsidiary coin. Last December, Secretary Foster estimated his cash balance "available June 30, 1892," at $39,728,145—only 30 per cent. out of the way. What the apparent deficit at the end of the year will

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be, no mortal knows; but what the real deficit will be, on the basis of receipts and appropriations, can easily be figured out. No one will deny that the actual expenditures of 1891–'92 should be as great as those for 1890–'91; in the latter year they were $388,696,824, exclusive of the postal service, and so far this year they have been but $332,408,035, leaving $56,000,000 for this month, when the receipts cannot go much above $30,000,000. There is a deficit of $26,000,000 for June alone, and of $33,000,000 for the entire year, all on Secretary Foster's own estimates and reports. If the true measure of appropriations for the fiscal year were applied, the deficit would be so enormous that we do not wonder the Administration dares not face it, and systematically keeps back payments.

Before the Republican band gets to playing too deafening an accompaniment to "the triumphant march of the American hog through the markets of Europe," it will be well to state precisely what has been done. Mr. Blaine made a characteristic attempt to claim the admission of our hog products into Europe as a new achievement of "reciprocity," but he was promptly squelched by the President and Secretary Rusk, who showed that the repeal of the European prohibition of American pork was entirely due to our retaliatory law, and to our adoption of a system of meat inspection satisfactory to the foreign authorities. In other words, that system was forced on us by foreigners, and it is costing us a pretty penny, too, as Secretary Rusk asks Congress for $1,000,000 extra on that account. We can all imagine the patriotic shrieks that would have greeted an admission by a Democratic Administration that a foreign system of meat inspection was better than ours, to say nothing of the weak acceptance of any methods at foreign dictation and the laying of a tax of $1,000,000 on our hard-working farmers to pay for the same. Looking solely at the business aspects of the case, the transaction comes down to this: In 1881 we exported $104,660,065 of hog products—the largest amount on record for any year. In 1890, when the European prohibition was in force, our exports amounted to $85,281,174. The difference, $19,000,000, is all that can be attributed to the prohibition and all that we can expect to gain by its removal. That is equivalent to saying that, in order to get a business of $19,000,000 at a profit of not more than $1,500,000, we are compelled to pay $1,000,000. If the American hog will stand that, it will stand anything.

None of the "reciprocity" treaties has fallen flatter than the one recently announced as having been completed with Austria, and the reason is not far to seek. In the list of articles upon which concessions in import duties are made to the United States, there is scarcely one in regard to which we do not have to protect ourselves against European competition, and the duties upon which were not raised by the McKinley Bill upon that express ground. How are we going to get an Austrian trade in cotton goods, on the basis of "reductions of from 5 to 9 per cent.," when we have to defend ourselves from like goods of European manufacture by customs taxes of from 30 to 60 per cent.? The same question arises in regard to manufactures of iron and steel and brass and leather. Either the treaty is a self-confessed sham, or the claim of the McKinleyites that we need discriminating duties against European imports is a fraud. The reciprocity organs have, in fact, scarcely been able to pretend that there is any question of actual trade involved in the agreement with Austria, and content themselves with profound metaphysical disquisitions on the subtle distinction between taking off tariff taxes under the name of reciprocity and under that of free trade.

Commenting upon the decision of the Pope sustaining Archbishop Ireland's plan of union between public and parochial schools, the Paris *Temps* remarks on the interest of the question "to the French in America." It refers particularly to the French Canadians in New England, where they already form 120 parishes, with 60 parish churches. The French Catholic press, says the *Temps*, has "vehemently defended Archbishop Ireland," and this may be taken as an indication of the readiness of the French-speaking Catholics of New England to favor the Minnesota plan. There can be no doubt that the French-Canadian immigration into the New England States, assuming larger proportions every year as it does, involves many social problems, not the least of which is that of the education of the children of the immigrants. That the latter would be better off in public schools than in the parochial schools, which can be but inadequately equipped among so poor a constituency, does not admit of doubt.

Minister Egan is understood to be on his way to this country, on a sixty days' leave of absence from Chili, which the Chilians make no secret of hoping will be indefinitely extended. At his departure he left a pleasant little memorial behind him in the shape of a claim for $1,000,000 against the Chilian Government. He presented this in the name of an American firm now extinct, and it naturally dates back to the time of the war between Chili and Peru, and with equal naturalness relates to guano deposits out of which the firm expected to get rich, but did not. "It is said," we read in the Panama *Star*, "that a settlement had been nearly effected with Balmaceda by Egan." The Dictator's fall closed a good many other brilliant openings for Americans in Chili, it will be remembered.

The Government of Austria-Hungary, in submitting to the Reichsrath and the Hungarian Diet its bill for the regulation of the currency, has not only joined the ranks of the States which have adopted the gold standard, but has taken the first serious step towards the resumption of specie payments. The Austrian Minister of Finance, Dr. Steinbach, remembering the scepticism with which similar promises of his predecessors were received, has offered what the *Neue Freie Presse* calls a "guarantee of good faith" by proposing to raise a loan for the conversion of the Austrian paper money, both State and bank notes, into notes redeemable in gold. The share of Cisleithania is 183,500,000 gold florins, representing 70 per cent. of the entire paper circulation of the Empire, and that amount of gold, when procured, is to be deposited in the vaults of the Austro-Hungarian Bank, and to be used only when the day of resumption arrives. The recommendations of the Hungarian Minister of Finance with regard to the conversion of the Hungarian quota of the paper money are practically identical with those of his Vienna colleague. The *Neue Freie Presse* thinks that resumption could be brought about in four years by the Government's entering into an agreement with a syndicate of bankers for an annual purchase of gold to the amount of 10,000,000 pounds sterling. Still, it warns the Government against fixing definitely the date of resumption before the gold is actually stored away, and would have the Government await the most favorable opportunity for the purchase of the metal.

The situation is a little difficult for foreigners to understand. Austria has the single silver standard. Her unit of value is the silver florin. But there was and is a gold florin in the Austrian system struck at the ratio of 1 to 15.30. Now that the gold standard is to be adopted, the question comes up, What would be equitable as regards debts having a long time to run, but not specifically payable in gold? The present *market* ratio of the two metals is 1 to 23.57. The ratio adopted as the basis of the new law is 1 to 18.22, although the ratio ceases to be operative when the coinage of silver is stopped. That portion of the Government debt which is payable specifically in gold florins of the old issue will be paid in the new florins at the rate of fifty of the latter for forty-two of the former, this being the exact equivalent in weight of pure gold. The unit of value under the new system will be the crown, two of which will be equal to the new florin. The smallest gold piece coined will be ten crowns. The florin under the new system will be equal to 40½ cents of our money. The old silver florins, worth about 35 cents, will continue to circulate as subsidiary coins until further notice, but no new ones will be coined.

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SENATOR SHERMAN'S SPEECH.

THE two days' speech of Senator Sherman on the Stewart Silver Bill may well be esteemed the greatest speech he ever made. It is interesting to note that, after speaking two hours and a half on Tuesday week, he said that he was not at all tired and was ready to go on and finish then. This was said in reply to a suggestion that the Senate should adjourn. For one who has passed his sixty-ninth year this is surely a remarkable exhibition of mental and physical powers. His speech, covering not only the silver question, but the whole range of national finance, cannot be reviewed in detail within the limits of a newspaper article. All that can be said about details is that Mr. Sherman has not merely a mind well furnished on the whole range of topics embraced in his discourse, but so well furnished that there is no point too small to have escaped his attention or his memory. Consequently, he cannot be tripped at any stage. Anybody can see that if he makes concessions here and there to the silver folly, they are only such as he considers necessary in a political sense. Give him a clear field, such as the statesmen and financiers of Europe have, where there are no wrong-headed and befooled constituencies to be reckoned with, and he would easily be their peer.

Nobody can have failed to notice what Mr. Sherman said of the national-bank note in the course of his speech. He has virtually, we think, proclaimed the doom of the system in these words:

> "The people of this country, whether rightly or wrongly it is not for me to say, are not in favor of the continuance of the national-banking system longer than is necessary to wind up and pay off the outstanding bonds. These bonds have been reduced to so low an amount that the people care very little whether they are continued or not. The bonded debt has ceased to be a phantom, although at the close of the war everybody who knew anything about finance brooded over the twenty-nine hundred millions of dollars of debt. In addition to that there was a floating debt of probably a hundred millions more, so that we owed three thousand millions. Therefore, I repeat that the people will not tolerate the continuance of the national-banking system longer than the continuance of the bonds. They are unwilling to take any less security than the security of the United States. As to the amount of currency, my own opinion is that the amount now outstanding will be about sufficient. It does not follow that if there is more money in circulation the poor and needy will get it. We cannot distribute it per capita to the poor and leave out the rich."

The authority of Mr. Sherman upon this point is great, and it happens to tally with other authorities possessing high influence in the world of finance. The only question we need to ask is, whether the people are likely to change their minds during the small interval between now and the maturing of the 4 per cent. bonds, and if so in what way they are likely to change. There is not the smallest probability that the people will consent to an extension of the national debt in order to furnish security for national-bank notes; and when the question comes up, What shall we substitute for national bonds? there will be such diverse views and such unconquerable prejudices that probably nothing will be done. That is to say, the system, or, at all events, its note-issuing function, will expire. And with it, most likely, will expire the discriminating tax on State-bank notes, if, indeed, that is not sooner swept away.

As regards silver, what could be more true or felicitous than Mr. Sherman's statement that free silver is not now an issue between parties, and does not represent any national interest, but is only a "local" or "provincial" question concerning the silver-producing States? Most significant of all, however, was his admission that the Republican Silver Law of 1890 is a dangerous law that ought to be repealed:

> "There are possibilities in the future in regard to that law, miscalled the Sherman Law, which make me as anxious for its repeal as I was reluctant to pass it. In the absence of any provision for the sale of silver, if the price of silver should continue to decline, I should be desirous, as far as I could, to arrest the further purchase of bullion. With a circulation of $127,000,000 on the hundred millions pledged, and only $27,000,000 surplus, to talk of maintaining the two metals on a parity is the wildest scheme of imagination. This very effort to bring about free coinage of silver is, in my opinion, doing more to disturb the finances of the country than anything else. The task of maintaining the two metals on a parity is herculean. How can we do it? Shall we sell bonds for gold? The very effort would probably impair our credit and degrade us from our high position among the nations of the world. Shall we sell our silver? We have over $400,000,000, and only six or seven millions in circulation. The rest is stored away in vaults and cellars as security for the various forms of paper circulation. Dare we sell that silver? I wanted to provide in the law of 1890 for power to sell it, but the parties would not agree. Now, to attempt to sell that silver on a falling market would only be adding misery to ruin. I do not like to talk of these things, but it is my duty to do so."

It appears, therefore, that those Democratic conventions which are calling for the repeal of the "Sherman" Silver Law can count upon the hearty support of Senator Sherman himself. The President would oppose such repeal, however, as he is choosing this highly opportune time, when the free-silver lunacy is in its final stage of impotency, to announce through his now faithful organ, the *Tribune*, and his Secretary of the Treasury, that he is "a firm friend of silver."

Mr. Sherman's speech was well calculated to admonish the delegates of the Republican party assembling at Minneapolis that the silver peril is very real and very near, and to remind them that they have a statesman not openly in the lists for Presidential honors who possesses the *mens sana in corpore sano* which is denied to some persons more talked about.

FLOUR-MILLING IN THE NORTHWEST.

BEFORE the Inter-State Commission at Minneapolis, in the case now pending for lower railway rates to that city on wheat from northern Minnesota and North Dakota, Mr. C. A. Pillsbury, the well-known miller, made some startling statements. Asked what the effect would be if the present rates on flour and wheat continued in force, he said:

> "The effect will be that the milling interests in Minneapolis will be utterly destroyed. Not only must the Minneapolis mills go out of business, but all the mills in southern Minnesota and all in Milwaukee as well. In four years, yes, in three years, with a continuance of the present régime, Duluth will have a milling capacity greater than Minneapolis has to-day. The mills of Minneapolis have made the wheat market here. This market will go to the dogs, too, and every elevator in the city as well."

The situation in which flour-milling in Minneapolis finds itself to-day, and the causes leading to it, form a most interesting story of the workings of commercial forces. Flouring mills established themselves there originally because of the valuable water power. The introduction of the middlings purifier and the steel roller revolutionized the manufacture of flour, making Minneapolis the great centre of that trade, with command of the wheat market of the Northwest. The output of Minneapolis flour, only 2,000,000 barrels in 1880, was 5,250,000 in 1885, 8,000,000 in 1891, and is expected to reach 9,000,000 barrels the present year. It was partly by the demand for wheat thus created that the new Northwest became so great a grain-producing section. About $7,000,000 is invested in mills at Minneapolis, the terminal elevators costing $4,000,000 more. Cooper-shops and other businesses dependent upon milling make up the larger part of the city's trade and of city values.

Of this large output of flour, fully 80 per cent. seeks an outlet through the great lakes, half of it being exported to foreign countries. The milling at Minneapolis has grown to such proportions that the contiguous parts of the Dakotas and Minnesota cannot furnish wheat enough: supplies must be drawn from the Red River Valley and other northern sections where the famous "No. 1 hard" is grown. This part of the wheat lands is as near Duluth as Minneapolis, and the railways serving the territory quote the same rates to both places, with the result that prices for wheat tend more and more strongly towards the same quotations in both cities. From some of its own territory Minneapolis gets wheat at rates two cents per hundred or more under Duluth tariffs, but the quantity thus secured at reduced rates amounts only to one-fifth of the necessary supply. Flour at Minneapolis, when sold at the East, costs fifteen cents a barrel to transport to Chicago or Duluth. So long as enough wheat was brought to Minneapolis at a proportionately lower charge, the thing equalized itself; but now that northern fields must be drawn upon, the farmers there will send their grain to Duluth at the same freight rate if that market is a penny higher. Under these conditions the milling industry has increased greatly in Duluth and Superior, and promises to become as important as at Minneapolis. Mr. Pillsbury stated the average profit in flour manufacture as 10 cents per barrel, which seems very low. Wheat prices and other

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things being equal, the 15-cent rate on flour from Minneapolis to Duluth leaves the millers of the former city with a loss on the greater part of their output.

The suit mentioned is brought to force a lower rate to Minneapolis than to Duluth on wheat from such towns as are nearer the former city. As before mentioned, the lines of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern are of about the same length from the wheat sections to either place; there are other roads, the St. Paul for example, whose lines by reason of position lead naturally to Minneapolis, and yet which are compelled by competition to quote the same rates as the two first named. It is these roads, in the case of which distance favors Minneapolis, that the millers of that city are charging with unjust discrimination. What can the Inter-State Commission or any other body do? It will not order the rates to Duluth advanced, nor can it easily ask for lower charges to Minneapolis, since the distance warrants the tariffs now in force, which, indeed, do not cover the same lines to both places. "One can appreciate the seriousness of the situation without seeing clearly how it is to be avoided," is the comment of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*; for even if the Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul (which has no line to Duluth) be brought under subjection to Minneapolis, the vast wheat supplies of the Red River valley cannot be taken from the Lake Superior towns.

As to cost of manufacturing, while Minneapolis has water-power (whose limit has been reached or passed), Duluth has cheaper coal; all things considered, there is not much to choose in this respect. Minneapolis has, however, a large local market in all the States south and west, which cannot be taken from her. If, therefore, the millers of that city would be content to buy contiguous wheat, and supply those markets which can be reached at a profit, Minneapolis would long remain a great milling centre. But it seems inevitable that the greater part of the future increased demand for flour in the East and in foreign countries should be supplied from mills on Lake Superior. With the best wheat as low in Duluth as in Minneapolis, with the cost of manufacturing substantially the same, the railway rate from Minneapolis to any lake port, no matter how small it may be, must, to that extent, be a handicap upon any further growth of Minneapolis. It is useless as well as economically wrong to put the blame for this conclusion upon the discriminating rates of Minnesota railways, for these rail carriers did not make Minneapolis an inland city, nor did they cause North Dakota wheat to grow so near Duluth. In short, the railways are not themselves the discriminators, but only the registrars of the discriminations of nature and commerce.

PROFITS OF "INDUSTRIALS."

OUR readers are familiar with the reasons which in England have led, and in the United States are leading, many large industrial firms to reorganize as corporations, and to offer for public subscription a large proportion of the new capitalization. There is no doubt that the rates of dividend—8 per cent. on the preference and even more on the common shares—have attractions for the investing public as contrasting favorably with the scant 4 or 5 per cent. received from good railway stocks and bonds.

The question first asked, of course, is whether there is any guarantee that the profits of the past, as set forth in the prospectuses, will continue for the future. Upon this point and upon the general subject of the value of the bonds and stocks of new industrial corporations, much stress is laid in the prospectuses upon the certificate of the chartered or expert accountants employed to examine the old books and report. With but few exceptions these specialists in accounts stand well in the community, being known to be honest men. This very fact of acknowledged honesty at times leads investors to put more confidence in the accountants' certificates, or, more properly, to draw more inferences from these certificates, than are warranted or wise. Occasionally there appears in these certificates a juggle with words or figures, conscious or unconscious. In England, where industrial corporations have greatly flourished, the Bohemian Breweries Company was started in 1889. The conclusion drawn from the report of the chartered accountants was that these breweries in 1889 earned $207,000 profit. They were capitalized at $1,890,000, fully two-thirds being paid to the vendors in cash. In 1890 the profits were $62,000, and in 1891 only $42,000, which is a fifth of the accountant's expected sum. A committee of shareholders had the accountant before them. His excuse was that he had been careful to ask the shareholders to inspect his full report at the office, wherein he had given no certificate of profits. After examination, the Committee reported that, "under the circumstances, Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths & Co. should have refused to report, and that, having reported at the instance of the directors, the latter made a grave error in judgment in the issue of a prospectus based upon that report"—a very mild censure.

A large number of American concerns which have in the last few years been incorporated, and the stocks sold on the London market, are now turning out less profitable than was anticipated. This is the case with many American breweries, though not so with all; with manufacturing concerns like the Otis Steel Company of Cleveland, with the Pillsbury-Washburne Flour Mills Company, and others. In all these instances bookkeeping statistics (no doubt honestly made) were produced showing value of plant and the profits for a certain number of years.

Valuable as a statement about a business must be when given by an impartial bookkeeper, it must nevertheless be remembered that an accountant, though honest, cannot and does not go behind the face of the books; that is to say, he is an expert in figures, but not in the details of the business under examination. A chartered accountant might be set to examine the books of a railway, for illustration, and might report to the best of his ability, and yet lead everybody astray as to the future. For a crafty railroad manager, if so inclined, could arrange for a favorable exhibit which would be no criterion of future profits, and yet would deceive any accountant not thoroughly familiar with railway management. So with manufacturing: a firm looking forward a year to incorporation and sale could make unusual profits, whose fallacy as a ground for valuation no mere bookkeeper could easily detect. Sometimes an accountant is asked to state in his certificate the average profits for three years, and perhaps the last year's gains separately. This covering of three years was originally intended as a safeguard, but by stating only the average, an average raised by the exceptional prosperity of the last year, the fact may be concealed that the former years were much less profitable.

The question of profitableness in the long run is the vital one, and really determines the price which can safely be paid for the plant and good-will. The amount of money originally invested by the first partners is no concern to the public. The problem is to find what amount of capital can be invested so that in good and bad years, all debts and depreciation being allowed for, it will receive a fair return. Oftentimes in industrial prospectuses a certificate is printed giving the value of the premises and machinery. Here again the appraiser is sometimes instructed to value the plant for the purposes of that particular line of business, thus rendering the certificate useless as an appraisal of the property in the event of failure. So far, however, as such a certificate throws light upon the amount paid for good will, it is to be welcomed; though, as we have said, the whole business is to be valued chiefly for its earning power.

The great falling off in expected profits in a few of our incorporated industries shows conclusively enough that we have not yet learned to distinguish clearly between the good and the bad. Industrial incorporation is yet a new idea. We must wait for the knowledge which comes from experience before learning to separate the profitable from the unprofitable, or to discriminate between the stable and the fluctuating. Fortunately, most of those whose shares have been offered to the American people have so far proved worthy of public support, nor can there be any doubt that the corporate form is capable of great service in our manufacturing. Yet, in our present comparative ignorance of the real details of these concerns, we may expect that

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some worthless industries will appeal for subscriptions along with the good. Evidently the chartered accountant's statements and certificates, important as they are, are not the only information needed about industries whose shares are offered to investors.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

SOMEWHAT more than a year ago a resolution was moved in the House of Lords inviting the Colonial Governments to send representatives to London to confer upon the advancement of trade in her Majesty's dominions, and Lord Salisbury expressed the opinion that for the present the summoning of such a conference was not expedient. He pointed out that the real question before such a conference would be that of retaliatory duties, and declared that the state of opinion in Great Britain made it impossible for any statesman, whatever his own opinion might be, to propose such duties. He added, however, that whenever such a modification of opinion took place as to make the idea of discriminating duties in favor of the colonies a fiscal possibility, he should be the last to oppose such a resolution as that before the House. And some months later he pointed out to a deputation from the United Empire Trade League—which included fifteen members of Parliament—that to give "a preferential treatment" to the colonies meant to alter the established trade policy of England, which was to be accomplished only by effecting a change in public opinion. According to appearances, he has since made up his mind to take some part in effecting this change.

Whether encouraged by Lord Salisbury's suggestions or not, the colonial advocates of federation have been recently moved to renew their supplications. In the Canadian Dominion the Government recently carried a motion pledging them to reduce the duties on British manufactured goods as soon as the Imperial Parliament "admits Canadian products to the British market on terms more favorable than it grants to foreign products." This is perhaps the most formal and explicit offer that has yet been made by the Federationists, and it was received by the London *Times* with great consideration. The offer, it said, if backed by the other colonies in Australasia and South Africa, could not be disregarded. The rigorous doctrines of free trade must not be pedantically applied, and it might well be worth some sacrifice "to bind the great self-governing colonies in close and permanent commercial alliance with the mother country, securing not only a vast reserve of political strength, but the command of large and rapidly growing markets." The wisdom of this utterance is certainly not unworthy of any American "organ" of protection, and the Canadian statesmen may well congratulate themselves that the proverb, "In vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird," is not without its exceptions.

The complementary proposals from the other side of the globe are, of course, not lacking. A professor in an Australian college has recently published a book showing exactly the sacrifices that England is expected to make. The existing commercial treaties, which contain clauses providing that no higher duties shall be imposed upon the products of foreign countries than upon those of her Majesty's possessions, must be cancelled, and duties imposed upon those products until either reciprocity or non-intercourse results. Now, at present, the total foreign trade of England is about £742,000,000, whereof only £187,000,000 is with her colonies, or a little more than one-fourth of the whole. The Australian Professor anticipates, however, that nations with which trade to the amount of £152,000,000 exists would join the "Britannic Commercial Alliance," and there would be an increase of colonial trade, so that England would surrender trade to the trifling extent of only £250,000,000, and the total trade of the British Empire would fall off by a matter of only £540,000,000. This looks rather serious, the colonial Professor admits, but then if imperial federation is worth anything, it is worth some sacrifice, which, of course, would be only temporary. England now obtains but one-third of her imported food from her colonies, but, if it were made an object to them, they would supply the mother country with all that she requires. Indeed, if England, instead of abolishing the corn laws, had only "taken the trouble to inform herself as to the cereal capabilities of her own dominions, she would by this time be enjoying a cheaper loaf, the United States would be an out-at-elbows, shin-plastered collection of communities without any trade at all, and the British Empire would be the most powerful confederacy in the world."

It is refreshing to turn from these absurdities, which, emanating as they do from the colonies and repeated in the mother country, furnish proof that there is nothing new under the sun, to the grave comments of the London *Economist* upon Lord Salisbury's recent speech. That journal calls attention to the fact that, in the first place, the war of tariffs in which England is invited to join, is acknowledged by the Powers that have been engaged in it to be ruinous in its effects. In the second place, as England's treaties insure her the treatment of the "most-favored nation," she has received the benefits of the reciprocal concessions made by the belligerents without engaging in the fight. In the third place, Lord Salisbury's idea that England could carry on a war of this kind by levying duties upon luxuries is idle. The other Powers do not hesitate to tax the bread of their subjects in order to force the fighting, and for England to confine herself to taxing luxuries would be like opposing a pop-gun to a repeating-rifle. In the fourth place, a duty upon such a luxury as wine would be paid principally by English consumers, so that the suffering would be chiefly on England's part. In the fifth place, since it is evidently useless to go into a fight of this kind unless you mean to fight it out, the only thing to do would be to adopt a system of wholesale protection. And in the sixth place, since Lord Salisbury admits that such a policy would be suicidal, it would have been more judicious for him to have kept his opinions to himself, and not have aroused in other nations apprehensions of a hostile commercial policy, which will stimulate them to reprisals.

The *Economist* might have added that this speech will make a great deal of trouble for England in her colonial relations, but its criticism can be read by no impartial man without giving rise to the conviction that the whole scheme of Imperial Trade Federation is utterly impracticable. As the *Economist* says, there is nothing sacred about free trade. It is simply a means to an end. But dismissing what Lord Salisbury calls free-trade dogmas, the plain common sense of the *Economist* makes an end of his theories. So long as that journal represents the dominant thought of England, so long will colonial protectionists sigh in vain for exclusive privileges in the English markets.

A TREASURE TROVE.

VENETIA, May 20, 1892.

SOME five and thirty years ago, when Enrico Mayer and F. S. Orlandini, following in Mazzini's footsteps and assisted by his counsel, undertook to edit the published and unpublished works of Ugo Foscolo, they applied to Count Giuseppe Albrizzi for the letters which the poet had written to his mother, a beautiful Greek lady, Countess Isabella Albrizzi, *née* Teotochi, one of the many ladies of the time who kept an open salon and received all the native and foreign celebrities of the day. Foscolo met her first in 1796, and, about 1804, commenced a regular correspondence with her during his residence in Milan, Brescia, Pavia, and throughout the years of his exile in London. Her son answered that he intended to publish a collection of all the letters addressed to his mother by Lord Byron, Lord Aberdeen, Hobhouse, Pindemonte, Canova, etc., and that he was unwilling to allow Foscolo's letters to be published separately.

Many years later the editors of Foscolo's works, in the preface to the sixth volume, which is the first of the correspondence, wrote: "We have waited in vain, and with an impatience not untinged with bitterness, the publication of Foscolo's correspondence with the *saggia Isabella* [the title bestowed on the mother of Count Giuseppe Albrizzi]." They waited long, and if alive would be waiting still, for the son died without giving any of the letters from Foscolo or others to the public. All these papers, with a valuable collection of diplomatic correspondence from Carlo Pisani, ambassador of the Venetian Republic, from Madrid, Paris, and London, are now in my hands. Their proprietor has decided on their sale to some public library or museum at home or abroad, where their contents can become available for the students of the eventful period of Italian history which unrolled itself during the last quarter of the eighteenth and the first of the nineteenth century. With the owner's permission, I select a few here and

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there, sure that their contents will be interesting to readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

Lord Byron evidently thought highly of the talents of the lady whose house he frequented during his long sojourn in the city he loved so well, as, in writing of contemporary celebrities, he says: "Italy is not behind other nations. She has Monti, Pindemonte, Foscolo, and the Albrizzi, but the world has only one Canova." Byron had introduced John Hobhouse to the Albrizzi, and, on his return to London, Hobhouse writes on May 30, 1818:

"MADAM: I take the liberty of sending you Lord Byron's last poem on Italy, with some illustrations written by myself. If you should ever read the latter, perhaps you will favor me with some observations which may assist me in another edition of the works. . . . The bearers of this little present are Mr. and Mrs. Smith, two very good friends of mine who will feel highly flattered at making your acquaintance, and who are charged to convey my best acknowledgments for all your kindness to myself during my stay at Venice. Present, I beg you, my best compliments to your son. Tell him to bring you to England that I may assure you in person how much I am, Madam,

"Your faithful and obliged servant,
"JOHN HOBHOUSE."

But the little present never arrives, and on December 4 the following letter explains the reason why. It is written in French none of the best, so we give the translation.

"MME. LA MARQUISE: I must either deceive you or speak frankly; anyway I fear that I shall sooner or later incur your displeasure. It would be very easy for me to allow you to believe for the moment that I had either forgotten the poem or my promise, and with any other person than yourself I should so act, for a fib more or less matters little in this life of falsehood which politeness imposes upon us. But as I desire to be held in your esteem as a sincere man rather than an adept in the practice of *les convenances*, I deem it my duty to confess that I was indiscreet in promising you the poem, and to avow that I cannot send it to you. It is not my property, it has never been published. The verses are not flattering to our Prince, who, though it must be admitted he is not *grande chose*, is no worse than the other viceregents of God upon earth; and at any rate he is our sovereign, and his subjects have no right to blazon his vices abroad, but remember Napoleon's fine saying, that dirty linen should be washed at home.

"It is very likely that Lord Byron, who knows nothing of my promise nor my scruples, will give you the verses. That is his affair; for me, nothing remains save to express my deep regret that I should have troubled you and your son by my imprudence at first, and now by my confession. Believe me when I say that my vexation is enhanced by the recollection of all your kindness, which will, Mme. la Marquise, always maintain me,

"Your most devoted servant,
"JOHN HOBHOUSE."

So many are Byron's strictures on the Prince Regent, the George the Fourth of Thackeray's unflattering portrait, that it is difficult to fix on the special offender. I strongly suspect that it was the "Ode on Venice," written in 1818, which grated on the loyal ears of true-born Britons, not so much for the allusions to the monarch as for the profound admiration expressed by the poet for the

"One great clime,
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart and hand,
And proud distinction from each other land,
Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion
As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
Full of the magic of exploded science—
Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught
Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
The floating fence of Albion's feebler crag,
May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
Rights cheaply earn'd with blood.—Still, still, for ever
Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
Three paces and then faltering:—better be
Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,
In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
Than stagnate in our marsh; or o'er the deep
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
One freeman more, America, to thee!"

It seems probable that Byron did give a copy to the Countess, as he refers to a translation which she wishes to make, but he adds: "I doubt whether some of the expressions are not too strong for the censor."

In presenting her to Prof. Pictet at Geneva, he speaks of the Countess Albrizzi as a lady well known in Italian literature, and more particularly distinguished as the illustrator of the works of Canova. The son having thanked the poet for ranking his mother among the best writers of the time, Byron answers:

"DEAR COUNT ALBRIZZI: Your letter would have been acknowledged sooner (as it ought to have been) but I have been unwell. Mr. Hobhouse's address is Whitton Park, Hounslow, near London, where he resides with his father, Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Baronet, which answers to *Cavaliere* in this country. In mentioning your mother amongst the few illustrious persons whom the narrowness of my limits out of my experience permitted me to name as the present lights of Italy, I merely echoed the voice of her country. Your favorable opinion does me great honor, and affords me equal pleasure. I beg my respects to the Countess your mother, and trust that you will always believe me

"Most truly and affectionately your obliged and faithful and humble servant,
"BYRON.

"VENICE, Nov. 2, 1818."

Foscolo's letters are intensely interesting to those who regard him as the first propounder of Italian unity, who believe in his unwavering patriotism and in his sterling character maligned by envious satellites of every rising sun, and especially by Monti, for whom he entertained to the last a deep and regretful affection, although he criticised his translations and deplored the fetters laid on his genius by his sojourn in the court of Rome. To the *saggia Isabella*, who was the intimate friend of his sister and worshipped mother, living then in Venice, he pours out all his hopes and griefs, his pecuniary troubles and the reasons of his self-chosen exile. Foscolo was an *egotist*, not an egoist: his admiration of genius or talent in others was never marred by envy or jealousy. Both Foscolo and Monti had translated the 'Iliad'—Foscolo, born in Zante, from the original; Monti, without knowing a word of Greek. He gave the manuscript to Foscolo, who printed the first canto, translated by Monti, side by side with his own, and sent them to him with a letter, saying, "If Italy ascribes to you the palm, as I believe she will, the 'Iliad' will have the good fortune of the greater poet, and I shall not regret the toil spent more for love of Homer than for the desire of fame. The little book will, I think, be prized by you as a token of our old friendship. May you live long to enjoy your glory."

"Monti," writes Foscolo to *la saggia Isabella* in 1808, "has just recited to me the seventh canto of his 'Bardo della Selva Nera,' and he saw me weep. Either the magic of his voice touched me more profoundly than usual, or that poem is the finest of the beautiful things written by my friend; certainly it is the most affecting picture painted in Italian poetry. Pity it is not in blank verse. I preach and pray in vain; he promises, seems convinced, but continues to write his *ottavi* [eight-line stanzas] in a metre that is not his own. They do not suit the subject, nor evolve, in my opinion, the virtue of the poem. Oh, if his soul would but keep on high—and he has a soul lofty as that of Parini, as that of Alfieri. But the court of Rome has spoiled him. He will win great but not holy fame. For myself, I aspire to posthumous fame rather than to contemporary admiration, if posterity should care at all for me who think so much of the future! Alas, I have so little time for study: I have to perform my duties as military advocate, to go every day to the court martial, now to plead for the liberty of a deserter, now for the life of a homicide. The laws are so stern that a special pleader may exhaust all the powers of his eloquence without any scruples of outraging justice. What is justice? It is the handiwork of men, born of their interests and of their passions. Legislators and judges ply their trade distinguishing virtue from crime; I only distinguish *fortune* and *misfortune* in the actions of our poor humanity."

Monti was for long the fast friend and a fervent admirer of Foscolo. Apropos of the poet's preface to the 'Epistle to Pindemonte,' Foscolo writes to the Albrizzi:

"The dedication written by Vincenzo Monti to my 'Epistle to Ippolito' was so profuse in praise of me, and so partial, that I have absolutely declined to publish it. It would seem as if I went begging literary fame under the protection of powerful friends. I have prayed Monti to change or, at least, to modify it. He answers: 'So, or nothing.' I wanted him to gratify Ippolito, not me; he praises Ippolito, but exalts me. Therefore I answer, 'Nothing,' and nothing will appear. If you have not shown my yesterday's letter to the Chevalier, do not do so. If you have, show him this also, and tell him that Monti will seek some other occasion to render justice, and beg him to accept my letter void of other praise. The world will see that the letter comes from the inmost sanctuary of my heart. I hope that my fellow-citizens and posterity (if posterity remember me) may not deem me unworthy to have been his friend and contemporary. And you, dear Isabella, love me as I love you, warmly and tenderly. What would become of me if my few friends were to abandon me? All your letters are precious—write more frequently. Kiss Pippi [the little Count Giuseppe], and talk to him of FOSCOLO."

His first letters from London are chiefly letters presenting celebrated travellers, such as Samuel Rogers, William Rose, etc. A letter of 1818

"is sent by Mr. Everett, who has left the United States to see all Europe, and especially Italy and Greece. He is one of my best friends, and, though quite young, he is *letteratissimo* and Professor of Greek in one of the Universities of his country. He is also of the sweetest disposition, and therefore I know that you, *donna gentile*, will welcome him as a friend, and that your friends will enjoy the conversation of one who has travelled and observed so much, and that you will help him to know and pity our unhappy Venice. He will bring you news of me; and as far as the outward man goes, they will be true tidings. But what is really true of me no one knows save myself. I have escaped shipwreck, but navigate in tempestuous waters. Salute your son, Leopold, Saranzo, and remember your friend,
"UGO FOSCOLO."

Later:

"SAGGIA ISABELLA MIA: Neither my long silence, not the distance which separates me from you, condemns me to this bitter exile, and deprives me of the sight and sound of Italy, must induce you to think that I ever forget you, or the name by which you are known among worthier friends than myself. I send this letter to the *saggia Isabella* by Mr. Milman, the celebrated poet of 'Reason,' Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. He will tell you how I live—studying little, writing day and night for daily bread—and how it is probable that never more shall I have leisure for study and for writing after my own heart. Thus the muse whom I courted as a lover is now, alas, treated as a wife, loved always but sometimes perforce; and affection born of necessity is not the best in the world. I have to write in a tongue that is not my own, and this I do rather than allow others to

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translate (*tradire* or *tradurre*, oftener *betraying* than *translating*).'

"I know that I may count on hearty welcome from you and all your friends for Mr. Milman."

The latest letters, of 1824, relate to the works of Canova illustrated by the Countess Albrizzi. Foscolo, when in Milan, had revised them with the greatest care, both in manuscript and in the proof sheets, and when he was almost too ill to attend to his own writings, he supervised the translation, and writes on July 30, 1824:

"SAGGIA ISABELLA E CARA: I, feeling sure that Signor Vendramini would prove a faithful messenger, gave him sixteen or eighteen numbers of your descriptions of Canova's works, and I should have sent them all had you not asked for two only. The editor declines to sell them separately, and I cannot let you remain without the whole collection, which are elegantly executed and give pleasure to the eyes and to the mind; so, when the entire series is complete, you shall receive it. I did not write to advise you of the mission intrusted to Vendramini because I had no doubt of his care, and also because I never, if I can help it, and save in the case of urgent necessity, trust letters to the post. This will be brought to you by another friend of mine, Signor Crawfurd, but, as I write after midnight, and he starts for Calais to-morrow morning, I have only time for a few lines," etc., etc.

But the *saggia Isabella* does not receive her numbers, and writes a long and affectionate letter to her friend in London, telling him how Vendramini had consigned the packet to Signor Neumann, secretary to the Austrian Ambassador in London; how he had transmitted it to Count Strasoldo, Governor of Milan, etc., etc. She still gives him tidings of his sister—his mother being dead—and through her he sends such help as he can. She gives him news of all his old friends, even of those turned foes. Monti, who had threatened "to scatter the dust of Foscolo's 'Sepolcri,'" that beautiful poem on burials and burial-places, she tells him, "is aged and deaf, half blind, and inconsolable for the death of his and our Perticari." "Pindemonte is flourishing, and is now reposing on his laurels after his translation of the 'Odyssey.' This is the first winter that he has abandoned Venice, but he promises to return in the spring."

No news to the last of the missing numbers, nor can I ascertain whether the translation was ever published entire, as so far I have not been able to find it in the Catalogue of the British Museum. In the many letters written by Canova from Rome to her "Excellency the Countess," always sent by hand by some illustrious foreigner, he tells her of his work, his projects, and his hopes, and expresses himself delighted with her descriptions of his sculptures. First he has only seen the frontispiece, though the Countess has sent all the numbers for his approval. He presented "his faithful friend" with the bust of Helen of Troy, which is still to be seen in the Albrizzi palace, and tells her of his commissions for the Duke of Devonshire (who, by the way, possesses the fine bust of Madame Letizia, mother of the first Napoleon). He sends her the first engraving of his monument to Senator Giovanni Falier, which Canova presented to Venice in gratitude to his first patron; of the statue of Napoleon now in London, while a bronze copy is in the Brera at Milan. About his colossal group of Hercules and Lichas, modelled as early as 1795, which is still in the palace of the Marquis Torlonia, Duke of Bracciano, he writes: "You are right in imagining that I have tried to reproduce the different attitudes which Euripides apportions to the three figures called sons of Hercules; but they are only three, and I, using the authority of Pindar, model *eight*. . . . I heartily wish that your Excellency could see a gigantic group which I have just completed in clay of Theseus triumphing over the Centaur." This group was destined to Milan, but was carried off to Vienna and placed in the imperial gardens after its completion in 1819. Besides the letters of Antonio Canova, there are a number from his brother, who informs the Countess of all the surprises that "Canova the great" is preparing for her. He was a great friend and admirer of Pindemonte, and in all his letters to the Countess sends his "warm affection and admiration."

Pindemonte's letters, of which I may yet send a selection, are 500, and are extremely interesting as showing the views taken by a Venetian of Venice on the point of "ceasing to be." "Pindemonte," writes Byron to his publisher, Murray, "is a thin little man, with fine and agreeable features; his manners are courteous and gentlemanly, he looks like a philosopher. He is about sixty, and, after a somewhat wild youth, has turned devout, says his prayers, and preaches himself so as to exorcise the devil; but, after all, he is a very agreeable little old man." Of all the friends of Isabella Teotochi Albrizzi, he was the earliest and the most constant. Certainly his early letters are "quite other" than devout, or at least his devotion is reserved for mundane objects; but when, after Byron's death, John Hobhouse write to the Countess Albrizzi to induce Pindemonte to subscribe to a monument to Lord Byron, he answers her: "Signor Hobhouse has written and printed that I, grown old and infirm, have become bigoted, and that the greater part of my time is devoted to religious observances. Would that this latter assertion were the truth. At any rate, you will understand me and judge whether I can contradict myself and contribute in any manner to honor a man who outraged religion to such a point as to merit a public *reproof from the Grand Chancellor of* England" !!

J. W. M.

BOISSIER'S SAINT-SIMON.

PARIS, May 28, 1892.

IT is a bold enterprise to write a book on Saint-Simon, to pass judgment on a man who speaks so well for himself, to "review" a writer who has left us an account of half a century, with innumerable details, with the most minute analysis of a thousand interesting characters. M. Gaston Boissier has done this, however; he has added a small volume to the collection of "Les Grands Écrivains Français" which is published by Hachette.

Few men are more competent to write upon Rome and Latin literature than M. Boissier; he has just given us a new volume on the last days of the Roman Empire and the transformation of a pagan into a Christian society. We are very willing to be introduced by him to these curious times; he is at home there, having lived in familiarity with all the Latin writers, and he can teach us not a little about the great men and writers of the first centuries of the Christian era. Can he tell us more than we all know about Saint-Simon, or Louis XIV., or Mme. de Maintenon? Here *we* feel quite at home; we know Versailles as well as he does himself. I had already made such remarks to myself when M. Boissier gave us a 'Madame de Sévigné.' I had been all my life familiar with the amiable Marquise, and I felt a little surprised at M. Boissier's attempt to explain her to me. Still, I must candidly confess that I read his little volume with much pleasure. Madame de Sévigné wrought a new miracle: she reconciled me to her biographer, she gave to his style a peculiar lightness, to his manner an unwonted delicacy. I found only one fault with M. Boissier's 'Madame de Sévigné,' and I said so to him: he is not quite just to her when he lays her virtue almost entirely to the credit of a cold temperament. This is too materialistic a view. We have no right to say of a virtuous woman that she has no merit in being virtuous because she is not tempted. Madame de Sévigné was often tempted, and her wicked cousin Bussy said of her: "On lui fait voir bien du pays, mais elle en revient toujours."

I opened the volume on Saint-Simon with some alarm: it begins with a complete account of the Duke's life. The origin of the fortune of the Saint-Simons is well known. "Among the pages of young Louis XIII. there was one who belonged to a noble and ruined family of Vermandois. The King hunted constantly; he had to change horses from time to time, and he noticed young Claüde de Saint-Simon, who always presented him the fresh horse so that he was not obliged to dismount and could spring from one saddle to another." Of such trifles is made the fortune of man. Saint-Simon became a favorite; he obtained many offices, and in 1635 was made a Duke and Peer. His son expresses no astonishment at such a favor: "We are," says he, "issued from Charlemagne, at least, on the spindle-side; there can be no contention on this point." M. de Boislisle, the new editor of Saint-Simon, contests it, however, and he is probably right.

Claude de Saint-Simon had only a daughter by his first wife; he married again in 1672. He was sixty-four years old, his new wife, Charlotte de L'Aubespine, was thirty-five years younger. Three years afterwards, on the 15th of January, 1675, was born the child who became the author of the Memoirs. His opinions, prejudices, hatreds, preferences, came to him naturally. His passion for rank, for the privileges of his birth, was in his blood, and was a part of his devotion for the people he had seen around his old father, and for his father himself, who seemed a remnant of old times at the end of the seventeenth century. Saint-Simon stayed a short time in the army; he became rapidly a colonel, saw two sieges and one battle, and resigned because he was not appointed brigadier as soon as he wished, and began the life of the court. Versailles became his world—the Versailles of Louis XIV., which was the seat of the French monarchs, the centre of all authority, the fountain of all favors. Nobody knew better what he calls the *mécanique* of the court—the succession of small duties and of fatiguing pleasures which constituted life at court. For twenty-four years he led this monotonous life, assisted in the morning at the *lever* of the King, followed him to the chapel, saw him take his repasts, accompanied him in his promenades. Louis XIV. prized, above all, assiduity; why did he not like Saint-Simon, and why did not Saint-Simon like him? Louis XIV. was helped by his instinct: he hated in this little duke his judge; the proud nobleman, passionately fond of the rights of his caste; the virtuous husband; the man who felt contempt for Mme. de Maintenon; the friend of his grandson, the Duc de Bourgogne, who was preparing plans of government in secret; and afterwards, when the Duc de Bourgogne was cut off in his prime, the friend and adviser of the Duc d'Orléans. Saint-Simon hated the absolute King,

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who ignored the privileges of his nobility; who was always using men of the people, nobodies, upstarts; who could bear no superiority; the slave of women, the tool of Mme. de Maintenon.

The King and the courtier were, so to speak, born enemies; and they both felt it, though their hatred was almost unconscious. They represented two different political ideals. "L'État, c'est moi," was not an empty word in the mouth of Louis XIV.; as for Saint-Simon, he has explained to us explicitly his political ideas. He wrote out at his leisure long plans of government. The four Ministers who were the incarnation of the will of the King, the Minister of War, the Minister of the Navy, the Minister of the King's Household, the Minister of Foreign Affairs (they bore only the name of Secretaries of State), with the General Comptroller of the Finances, were odious to him. "They were," he says, "the five Kings of France, who exercised their tyranny in the name of the true King, and often without his knowledge." He wished to replace them by councils, which were to be composed of the best and most important men of the kingdom. In the eyes of Saint-Simon, the King is the true representative of the nation, but on one condition—if he be surrounded by his Peers; the royal decisions are legal only if they are sanctioned by the Peers. They are a part, an essential part, of the sovereign power. Saint-Simon often becomes ridiculous when he insists upon the difference between the "ducs et pairs" and the other members of the Parlement; he stands for "l'épée" against "la robe"; he hates the "gens de robe et de plume" who have usurped all the places, the intendants. He shows us the legal advisers of Saint Louis sitting on small benches, giving their opinions on their knees; he cannot bear the idea of their successors standing face to face with Peers; he becomes almost mad with rage when the presidents of the Parlement talk to the dukes with their bonnets on their heads: he fills page after page with this "enormous usurpation of the bonnet." This bonnet is his perpetual nightmare; he becomes terribly eloquent when he tells us the story of some of the *gens de rien* who have emerged from their *néant* and have become the real rulers of the country.

We must not forget, however, one thing: under all these prejudices, these dislikes, these pretensions, there was a great idea. Saint-Simon was, in one sense, a precursor of parliamentary government; he hated absolutism and the instruments of absolutism; he wished to establish in France a sort of "House of Peers" like the English House of Lords. He did not go so far as a House of Commons, a permanent legislative assembly; but he advised the Regent to convoke the States-General; he wished them to assemble every five years, and would have assigned to them the laying of the taxes and the administration of the finances.

Saint-Simon suffered all his life the torture of Tantalus: he had hoped to obtain a commanding influence when the Duc d'Orléans became Regent, but the Regent found him too intractable. He was himself irresolute, weak, changeable. After a long conversation, in the course of which Saint-Simon had attacked Dubois with the greatest violence, the Regent said, with all the air of perfect sincerity: "Well, we must dismiss this rascal," and a short time afterwards he made him Prime Minister. The Regent had great good-will for Saint-Simon; he liked in him the man who had great hopes of him, who wished to make him play a great part; he disliked at the same time his severity, his unflinching seriousness. All their instincts were different: Saint-Simon stood for the Spanish alliance; the Regent had a leaning towards England. Saint-Simon was sent as Ambassador to Spain for six months. On his return he was seldom consulted. The Duc d'Orléans died on December 2, 1723, and with him ended the political career of the Duke.

Saint-Simon spent the last years of his life in complete retirement at his château of La Ferté-Vidame, between Chartres and Dreux. The château has been demolished; the immense park and the forest are still there. In this great solitude, surrounded with books, with portraits of Louis XIII. (there was one in each room), he finished his extraordinary and admirable memoirs. He had begun to write them in 1694 in camp. He noted afterwards all his conversations with the Duc de Beauvilliers, with the Duc de Bourgogne, with the Duc d'Orléans. Later, having read the 'Journal de Dangeau,' a sort of diary of the Court of Louis XIV., he found it "d'une fadeur à faire vomir," but it gave him a sort of groundwork for his own Memoirs. Dangeau's chronology, which is so exact, helped his memory.

M. Boissier speaks of the reasons we have for not trusting Saint-Simon entirely. The Memoirs were written when Saint-Simon was old; his notes have been lost, and we do not know what they were exactly. He was passionate to injustice. This is all very well. Saint-Simon may have committed, and he certainly did commit, some errors of detail; but he was fundamentally sincere; he conceals nothing. We understand him well; he is always the same. We can make an allowance for his prejudices and his passions. On the whole, he has given to us a living image of the *grand siècle*, such as cannot and never will be forgotten. There is an intensity of life in his Memoirs which will make them immortal.

M. Boissier writes a special chapter on Mme. de Maintenon and Louis XIV. He finds fault with Saint-Simon for having so much abused Mme. de Maintenon, for having mentioned the accusations brought against her before she was Mme. de Maintenon; it seems to him that such details do not belong to history. Why not? Are not Mlle. d'Aubigné, Mme. Scarron, and Mme. de Maintenon one and the same person? Saint-Simon is not the only man who has injured the memory of Mme. Scarron; we could cite in the printed correspondence of Scarron letters which are as damaging to her as anything can be. M. Boissier is too indulgent, and so is M. Geffroy, the last editor of Mme. de Maintenon. Posterity will not have for her the admiration which was felt by Dangeau, and will side with Saint-Simon.

Correspondence.

THE BLAME OF IT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the line of fair play I beg leave to say a few words. This is heresy where "lynching" has lately been the dominant sentiment; Maryland enjoying for this lawlessness no enviable notoriety. A negro man, brought from the country where the crime is committed, taken into the town, handed over to the lawful authorities, and then the jail taken possession of and the man dragged out and hung in the town under the shadow of the court-house—this frightens every woman and child in the town. It terrifies the innocent negro element so that they do not feel safe to go out at night, and are not sure that they are safe in bed. When and where men are given over to lawlessness, it is useless to ask for pity or justice; but even the reckless might pause and consider the unfairness to the timid, the helpless, the innocent. If they are resolved to do without law courts, let them do their deeds of vengeance where the crimes are committed. A race war seems almost inevitable because of the bitterness and the aggressive attitude of affairs amid an innocent and ignorant population.

This is not all. The negroes who made the attack and brutally murdered Hill went out of the village a drunken and disorderly crowd, and, in a "local-option" county, the white men make the laws and are responsible for their faithful keeping. No one sells liquor, and yet the evidence is everywhere, and is the root of the evils that they would extinguish by "lynching." Where does the blame lie? Who is the innocent man to throw the first stone? Certainly not the one who enriches himself by demoralizing the black as well as the white American.

Victor Hugo wrote 'Les Misérables' to show that it is civilization that creates its own thieves and scoundrels. That may or may not be true, but it is not a paradox to insist that law-breaking on the part of the whites must answer for the crimes among the blacks. Perhaps if the end we seek is truth and not plausibility, we may find the three R's are responsible. It is not always easy to lay one's finger on the beginnings of things. But there is no doubt that much of the unsoundness of our national life is due to demagogism, drunkenness, and democracy.—Respectfully,

B. B. Ellets.

Maryland, June 2, 1892.

PLACES AND MEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Probably no department of administration in our institutions for higher learning gives more trouble than that of filling vacant chairs. The same, indeed, is true of the lower schools as well. I recall that ex-President White once said that this feature of his work at Cornell gave him much concern, although he was not tied by any bonds of party or sect. At present there seems to be no effectual way of bringing together the places and the men. The teachers' bureau is a very imperfect method, even when conducted with care, as some are. It is able to give no assurance that an appointee is suitable for the place. And it is a sorry fact, but nevertheless true, that the recommendations of officers of instruction are so much tinged with ulterior purposes that often they are worse than of no value. Under these circumstances it becomes largely a matter of experiment whether the right man is chosen for a given place. Institutions often suffer, as some the writer knows of at present are suffering, because all ordinary means have failed to procure suitable instructors. The common opinion that our institutions, and foreign ones, are providing ample material for such openings, may be true, but where is that material? How can it be discovered when needed? The waste incident to improper elections, the disaster of finding one's self in the wrong place, are drawbacks painfully felt by institutions and men. Whoever will suggest any, even an imperfect, means of bridging over this difficulty, will certainly receive unstinted thanks from both parties interested.

Charles M. Moss.

Champaign, Ill.

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PIG SILVER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The London *Times*, a few weeks ago, in commenting on the proposed international conference to bring about an enlarged use of silver, says it is not easy to see what "enlarged use" can mean. It adds that "the result of the employment of the American Treasury as a pig-silver warrant storehouse has not been so satisfactory as to encourage imitation." Certainly not as to "enlarged use." We ought, however, to thank the *Times* for an apt characterization of what used to be called bullion as "pig silver." This expression gives it its proper place with pig lead, pig tin, pig copper, pig iron, and the like. Its superabundance takes it out of the level with gold, and it should no longer be called bullion, but pig metal.

J. S. F.

Boston, May 30, 1892.

Notes.

Charles Scribner's Sons have in preparation 'Norway and the Norwegians,' by C. F. Keary; 'Conversations and Correspondence with Thomas Carlyle,' by Sir Charles G. Duffy; 'The Wrecker,' by Robert Louis Stevenson; 'First Aid in Illness and Injury,' by Capt. James E. Pilcher, U. S. A.; a translation, by the Rev. John Wilson, of Wendt's 'Teaching of Jesus'; and 'Our Moral Nature,' a brief system of ethics, by Dr. McCosh.

Macmillan & Co. announce 'The Life and Letters of Charles Keene,' fully illustrated, and 'The Autobiography of an English Game-Keeper,' edited by Arthur H. Byng and S. M. Stephens.

'Earth Burial and Cremation,' by Augustus G. Cobb, is in the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, have nearly ready a volume consisting of the Prefaces to Wordsworth's 'Lyrical Ballads' (1798–1815) and the controversial essays they evoked, the whole edited by A. J. George.

A work of no small value to bibliographers is 'Die Elsässischen Druckerzeichen bis Anfang des 18. Jahrhunderts' (Strassburg: Heitz & Mundel), with an introduction and explanatory notes by Prof. K. A. Barock. The vignettes or printers' signs have been collected by Paul Heitz, and are to be chronologically arranged according to cities or places of publication and reproduced in facsimile. The edition will be limited to 300 numbered copies.

'Die Denkmäler der Renaissance-Sculptur Toscanas' (Munich: Bruckmann), with text by Dr. W. Bode, is announced, and will be published in seventy parts at twenty marks ($5.00) each. Each part will contain five plates printed on large imperial paper.

About a year ago the Berlin Geographical Society, with the financial aid of the Prussian Ministry of Education and Worship, sent Dr. Konrad Kretschmer to Italy to collect materials for a "Festschrift," which should celebrate in a worthy manner the approaching fourth centenary anniversary of the discovery of America. The success of Kretschmer's exhaustive researches in Italian libraries and archives surpassed his most sanguine expectations, and the results will be issued in August by the German Imperial Printing-House in two volumes, of which the first will contain texts and the second maps illustrating the subject. Of these early maps thirty-one have never yet been printed, and will be a valuable contribution to cartographical science. The German Emperor has given fifteen thousand marks towards defraying the cost of publication.

Nansen's 'First Crossing of Greenland' (Longmans) has passed into a popular edition without losing anything of importance to the narrative proper, though with some abridgment and with certain excisions necessary to bring the work into a single volume of 450 pages. Very few of the illustrations have been dispensed with. The work may even be thought to have been improved by this condensation, judged by literary canons. It still remains one of the most readable in the whole library of Arctic adventure.

The 'Toilers in Art' commemorated in the volume edited by Henry C. Ewart (New York: Thomas Whittaker) are nineteen in number, and vary greatly in the degree to which the sensational title applies to them. The sketches, by half-a-dozen hands, are of artists, especially in black and white, beginning with John Tenniel and ending with Bewick and Flaxman. Some are straightforward accounts, some flowery and discursive, and there is no pretence at chronological or national arrangement. Noticeable is the group of contributors to *Punch*—Tenniel, Charles Henry Bennett, Frederick Walker, Frederick Eltze—who are somewhat intimately described; and concerning all the strictly contemporary artists, like Oskar Pletsch, Léon Lhermitte, Josef Israels, and Alexis Harlamoff, is given information perhaps not easily to be found elsewhere. In almost every case there is a portrait of the artist and one or more examples of his work, not very carefully printed. There is an odd symptom of political bias in the selection for a frontispiece of Tenniel's cartoon, "The Order of the Day" (murder and rapine in Ireland), which his Scotch biographer calls "full of force and salutary lessons."

Two of the latest numbers of "Les Artistes Célèbres," published by the Librairie de *l'Art* (Macmillan), are "Raffet," by F. Lhomme, and "Les Audran" by Georges Duplessis. Raffet was one of the best of those artists who have owed their reputation to the French love of military glory rather than to the real qualities of their work. The Audrans were a very large family of engravers of considerable merit.

'The Trade Policy of Imperial Federation,' by Maurice H. Hervey, a professor in an Australian college (London: Swan Sonnenschein; New York: Scribners), is a statement of the conditions upon which a commercial union between England and her colonies can take place. The argument is that, as the colonies will not give up their protective duties, England must impose duties upon the products of foreign countries until her trade is transferred to her own dependencies. Mr. Hervey seems to contemplate a British trade alliance something like the "Continental system" of the first Napoleon. His work is marred by many mistakes of fact.

'Kilmeny' and 'In Silk Attire' are the latest volumes in the new and revised edition of William Black's novels which the Harpers are bringing out in a neat and convenient form.

The return of the tourist season is marked by a number of guide-books, new and old, which have reached our table. A thin and naïve souvenir of European travel is 'To Nuremberg and Back: A Girl's Holiday,' by Amy Neally (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Its only excuse for being lies in its photographic views, which are well chosen. From Houghton, Mifflin & Co. come new editions of their 'Satchel Guide to Europe' and of Sweetser's incomparable 'White Mountains,' 'New England,' and 'Maritime Provinces.' No changes of importance appear to have been called for in them. One always expects a good deal of rewriting in Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe's unconventional guide-book, 'London of To-Day' (Roberts Bros.), and the current issue, which is the eighth in England, is dubbed American in virtue of some new preliminary chat about the ocean voyage to England. In the chapters which lend themselves to it, the usual freshening is observed, but those which deal with the street routes and the chief public buildings are mostly stereotyped. The pictures are a medley of new and old. The unpretentious but well-edited 'Visitors' Guide to Salem, Mass.' (Salem: Eben Putnam), first published in 1880, has been extensively overhauled for the current year. The twelfth chapter contains a list of historic portraits accessible to the public in Salem. The illustrations are rather pallid. The 'Gossiping Guide to Harvard,' published by the Cambridge *Tribune*, is adapted to hasty sight-seeing, but no more.

A new-comer, 'Guide-Souvenir de Florence et Pays Environnants,' by Dr. J. Marcotti (Florence: G. Barbèra), will meet with a warm welcome as being much needed. An enormous amount of information is packed into pocket compass, with cuts and maps, and the editor's collaboration has been of the most authoritative. As a key to the art treasures of the city this guide-book has never been equalled. It opens with a frank discourse on the character of the Florentines, whose dialect, it says, is less intelligible to foreigners than the Roman, and fortunately so, as their speech is too often gross; on their manners and customs, *e. g.*, their May and November "movings," in spite of Franklin's proverb, here rendered "lo sgombero costa come un incendio"; on their dress, *e. g.*, the general absence of the stove-pipe hat (*cilindro*) except, by municipal regulation, on the heads of cabmen. A brief outline of the city's history follows, with a bibliography. The rest is itinerary, winding up with an alphabetic list of the chief artists mentioned. We have but one criticism to pass on this admirable performance, and that is that the index is far from being adequate. It furnishes no answer to questions like these: Where shall I find Michael Angelo's "Night and Day," where Botticelli's "Spring," where the cyclopean remains and Roman theatre in the suburbs, etc.?

Seventy-four pages of the annual report for 1891 of the State Geologist of New Jersey are occupied by "A Preliminary Paper on Drift or Pleistocene Formations of New Jersey," from the pen of Prof. R. D. Salisbury. This is a most lucid popular exposition of glacial action, illustrated with maps, diagrams, and views from nature in New Jersey, and is highly to be recommended to any one who is curious regarding the subject. The rest of the volume consists of the usual matter, with especial stress again on Southern New Jersey, of which the agricultural possibilities of the oak-land and pine-land belts are set forth in detail by C. W. Coman. The Russian Jews planted by Baron Hirsch in this section have, it is said, thus far "proved industrious and economical, and have gained a good reputation for prompt settlement of debts." C. C. Vermeule deals with the water-supply and water-power of the State, which are shown to be unexpectedly good in the flat portion, but capable of being indefinitely supplemented by electric transmission from the greater powers to the north, with much social and economic advantage. Progress is reported on the making of a surface geological map of the State; one sheet of it will shortly be ready for printing.

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While Prof. Sayce is announcing, through the *Academy*, that he has found the clue to the Hittite inscriptions, Prof. Cyrus Thomas states, in *Science* of May 27, that he has "discovered at last the key which will unlock the mystery of the Maya Codices, and, probably, of the Central American inscriptions."

The first number of the new quarterly, the *Yale Review*, which succeeds the *New Englander*, contains very good matter. The editorial comment is judicious, but somewhat limited in range, while the articles are of more than average merit. Three of them are the result of much research: "The Demarcation Line of Pope Alexander VI.," by E. G. Bourne; "Massachusetts and the Saybrook Platform," by Williston Walker; and "Labor Troubles between 1834 and 1837," by Evans Woollen. Prof. Hadley contributes a thoughtful paper on "Legal Theories of Price Regulation," reaching the conclusion that the safest policy in dealing with monopolies is judicial prevention of discriminating rates, while Mr. Henry Villard and Prof. H. W. Farnam discuss "German Tariff Policy, Past and Present." A fair allowance of space is given to book reviews. The *Review* is published by Ginn & Co., Boston.

The address of Dr. Stanley Hall, delivered some time since before the School of Pedagogy of the University of the City of New York, has just been published. It is entitled "The New Movement in Education," and dwells particularly on the advances made in education during the last year, in Europe as well as in this country. The new movement Dr. Hall considers to mean three things: that the physical sciences are rapidly coming to underlie all the arts of peace and war; that the study of the biological sciences in the widest sense is modifying the chief conceptions of morality and religion; and that governments can be made strong and stable only by education. It follows that the work of schools of pedagogy is of great and increasing importance. The address is prefaced with a brief but interesting account of the school before which it was delivered.

We have received from Bernard Quaritch Part I. of 'Contributions towards a Dictionary of English Book-Collectors, as also of some Foreign Collectors'—namely, those whose libraries were incorporated in English collections, or whose books are met with chiefly in England. The contemporaneous libraries of Archbishop Cranmer and of Bilibald Pirkheimer of Nuremberg are first treated of, by Edward Burbidge and M. Kerney respectively. A biographical sketch of each is succeeded by a scholarly catalogue of his books, with marginal and other annotations. Facsimiles of Cranmer's signature, with Dürer's etched portrait of Pirkheimer and woodcut book-plate, and Pirkheimer's beautiful copper book-plate (perhaps Dürer's design), embellish this portion of a very entertaining publication. On the woodcut plate, one remarks the ante-Grolierian "sibi et amicis." Pirkheimer's Latin Ptolemy was the first to contain a map bearing the designation *America;* and the same book, ridiculing the literal Scriptural account of Judæa as "flowing with milk and honey," played a part in the condemnation of Servetus for heresy.

One of the most attractive features of the Munich International Art Exhibition, now open, should be the hall of old masters, arranged by Prof. Lenbach in accordance with his conception of what such a gallery ought to be, both in construction and decoration, as well as in the method of lighting it. The contents have been carefully selected, and consist of rare masterpieces, most of which have never been publicly exhibited. The Empress Frederick, Prof. Knaus, Baroness Todesko, Dr. Fiedler, and other connoisseurs and collectors in Berlin, Leipzig, Hamburg, Munich, and Vienna have furthered Lenbach's project by placing the choicest of their art treasures at his disposal. The sculptural and pictorial decorations of this ideal of an art cabinet have been executed by Rauch and Rudorffer. Radical changes have also been made in the interior of the Munich Glass Palace, by which the space for works of art has been considerably increased and the architectonic effect of the whole vastly improved.

The German Committee formed for the purpose of aiding in replacing the library of the University of Toronto, recently destroyed by fire, has already brought together 8,800 volumes, including a handsome gift from the Emperor. Additional contributions are expected, and every effort will be put forth to make the collection as complete as possible in Germanistic literature and philology.

The most noticeable plate in *Sun and Shade* for June (New York: Photo-Gravure Co.) is a portrait of Mr. Howells from a photograph by Cox.

Prof. Butler writes to us from Madison, Wis.:

"Among private libraries which have been transferred *en bloc* to our public collections, you mention (No. 1405, p. 413) Van der Meulen's as at the University of Wisconsin. This library is not at the above University and it never has been. Its local habitation is in the rooms of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, a mile from the University. The institutions have no official connection. The Society, however, has always granted University students the largest liberty in consulting its accumulations, which are stored in the State Capitol. The Van der Meulen Library (4,812 volumes, 374 pamphlets) remained at Zeist in Holland till 1867, when it was presented to the Wisconsin Society by his daughter, Mrs. Otto Tank of Green Bay."

—The June *Atlantic* opens with a comprehensive discussion of the sort of education which is needed as a means of strengthening and preserving civilization in the negro race. It is written by Dr. W. T. Harris, and is annotated by some others whose knowledge of the conditions of the problem gives interest to what is said. The policy of concentrating charitable aid upon the secondary and normal schools, in which the more intelligent and progressive youth, the selected minds, are trained, is approved, and attention is directed to the importance of industrial education for the whole mass. The ideas advanced are not new, but the emphasis with which they are stated and their reasonableness shown, is very striking, and it is to be hoped that the beliefs and faith of the writer may be contagious. It must be added that the optimism and confidence of the text are somewhat shadowed by the comment. Mr. Fenollosa, in a paper upon the traits of the Chinese and Japanese, makes some noticeable historical parallels which seem to bring the development of those nations nearer to the Western mind, and especially he protests against the contrast usually accepted between the two as one of conservatism with flexibility. The stagnation of China is related to its past, he suggests, as that of the Byzantine Empire was to earlier Greek ages. At present, he thinks, the Japanese exhibit a likelihood of falling back again upon their artistic temperament as their means of grace in the new world opened to them, instead of directing their energy to a competition with the West in the things characteristic of Western civilization, and he ends with a hazard of prophecy in accordance with which our old and overworked friend, Macaulay's "New Zealander," must hail from the shores of Japan. Other papers of particular note are Janet Ross's sketch of her grandfather, John Austin, and Prof. Searle's account of Dr. S. C. Chandler's observations of the star Algol.

—*Harper's* is distinguished by the first of Mr. Lowell's papers on the Elizabethan dramatists, which has the agreeable trait of resembling talk more than essay, and is full of literary appreciativeness; but it will be more convenient to speak of these lectures when they are complete. Dr. Waldstein writes with his usual discrimination and felicity of comparison concerning the relief of Athene found on the Acropolis, and is inclined to connect it with a funeral memorial; he uses the occasion to quote at length the two greatest of funeral orations, Pericles's and Lincoln's. Mr. Courtenay de Kalb writes of the social and intellectual condition of one of the least known parts of the semi-civilized world, Eastern Peru. He makes its past and its present equally real, and tells a strange tale of the contact of religion with savagery, ending in an institution of serfdom which still continues. It is a depressing story; but as the country has been open to the modern world only since 1866, little was to be expected. The Christianized Indians, so called, though not slaves, are practically bound for life by debtor laws, and even if they break them and free themselves from attachment to the soil, they have no place to go to. The customs of the community, however, in which the condition of these serfs is tempered by the kindness of their masters, seems not ill-fitted to the stage of civilization reached, and some regeneration of the individual by moral and mental agencies must precede any social betterment. The account of the masters themselves is equally interesting as a picture of the patriarchal land-holding system which has almost vanished from our observation in nearer regions. A paper upon Kentucky, which celebrates this year the centennial of her admission to the Union, is timely, and recalls especially her Revolutionary glories.

—The *Century* discloses one of the sure magazine weather-indications in the paper upon the Sea-Serpent. He appears only in the summer. Generally he is permitted to retain the atmosphere and distance of a myth—a myth of science possibly, but not more nigh to reality. In this instance there is no such paltering with our senses. The sea gives up its wonders; in fact, it gives up its dead. We have on the page a drawing—after the description, it must be allowed—of the carcass of the monster discovered on a remote spot of the Florida coast in 1885, and beside it a representation of the skeleton of the clidastes found in the Bad Lands of Kansas. The two are very like. The writer, J. B. Holder, recounts again the oft-repeated testimony of the many unimpeachable witnesses who saw the sea-serpent on the Massachusetts coast early in the century, and he entertains no doubt of the existence of the creature of which the Florida carcass is probably an example. If it is ever captured and catalogued, the credibility of human testimony should be distinctly greater than ever before; but until then doubt may still be expected to invade the minds of all who are not dwellers on the Cape Ann shore, where expectancy of the marvel is always a pleasing incident of the summer. An elaborate article upon Budapest; an account of Mt. St. Elias, with some novel ice-views; some

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highly interesting examples of primitive political caricature in this country, annotated by Mr. J. B. Bishop; and Castelar's continuation of the life of Columbus, are the remaining papers of novelty or importance in the number, which besides fitly commemorates the public-spirited character and career of the founder of the magazine, the late Mr. Roswell Smith.

—*Scribner's* is characterized by two philanthropic articles. The first is Mrs. Burnett's realistic narrative of the origin and growth of the Drury Lane Boys' Club, in which she became interested and for which she did some private benefactions. It is a chapter of boy-life among the poor of the city of London, told with a master pen. The instinct of self-help, acting in a natural and unconscious way, was the source of the little club, which met with the usual kind and humble friends and the equally common difficulties, but had enough vitality in its boy-interest to make it become a useful centre of good morals and intelligence in its neighborhood, and an example to others through the English world. A more hopeful story of the boys' clubs has not been told. The second paper, upon the tenement-houses of this city, is also optimistic in tone. The writer, notwithstanding his long experience, does not undertake to make a sensation by recounting a catalogue of horrors, as he could easily have done; but, taking good with evil, he finds improvement, and reminds us again that these districts are not a permanent home, but a stopping-place through which the new arrivals pass on their way to Americanization and higher standards of living. The population is shifting in the sense that its children go on to better homes. Their places are filled, and the work is to do over again, but it is a work of civilization, and should be welcomed. The means of improvement, however, are far from being exhausted, and the writer enumerates a number of new agencies which he advises—first among them, apparently, being the institution of public baths, with reading-rooms and restaurants. He directs attention to the mutual helpfulness of the tenement class among themselves, and gives some admirable instances showing a sound spirit in the people themselves. He illustrates, of course, the really large amount of undeserved suffering and hardship incident to the economic and domestic conditions of poverty. The article is, altogether, well-considered and enlightening, and should have a wholesome effect upon both sentiment and labor. A third paper, upon the problem of rapid transit, with its definite proposition for this city, is of municipal interest.

JULIAN'S HYMNOLOGY.

A Dictionary of Hymnology: Setting forth the Origin and History of Christian Hymns of All Ages and Nations, with Special Reference to those Contained in the Hymn Books of English-speaking Countries, and now in Common Use. Together with Biographical and Critical Notices of their Authors and Translators, and Historical Articles on National and Denominational Hymnody, Breviaries, Missals, Primers, Psalters, Sequences, etc., etc., etc. Edited by John Julian, M.A., Vicar of Wincobank, Sheffield. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892. 8vo, pp. xii., 1,616.

THIS long title has nothing of vain pretence: it is simply and exactly descriptive. The pages are double-columned and closely printed, with a minimum of margin. The object has been to cover the whole field of Christian hymnody, which is much larger—especially the English portion of it—than is generally supposed; and the degree of success in compassing this ambitious aim is remarkable, considering the comparative, one might almost say the absolute, lack of precedents. The previous work on this line has all been recent, and it has been attempted on anything like a corresponding scale only by Daniel and Mone for the Latin hymns, and by Knapp and Wackernagel for the German.

With those who use the English language the word hymnology was till lately supposed to mean "a collection of hymns"; and the thing it really stood for, which was, of course, the special study (it can hardly be called a science) of hymns, has existed only within the last half century. Till about 1840, nobody, so far as is known, had thought to gather and compare hymn-books, except for the scissors-work of the compiler. The fashion was set by Daniel Sedgwick, an humble and untaught dissenter of strongly Calvinistic opinions. Originally a shoemaker, and a poor one at that, his tastes led him into the second-hand book trade, and his little shop in Sun Street, Bishopsgate, became the resort of men of all creeds and connections when they wanted information about hymns. The tree of English hymnology is of his planting, and Mr. Julian's book should be dedicated to his memory.

The first volume on this topic was by Burgess, a Wesleyan, now forgotten, and not commemorated by Mr. Julian. It was a small affair, and dealt with the provision of his own sect merely. So did the larger book of David Creamer, a Baltimore Methodist, in 1849. Ten years later Dr. J. Belcher, a Baptist of Philadelphia, put forth 'Historical Sketches of Hymns,' a rambling production, but not confined in its scope. Far more valuable was Josiah Miller's 'Our Hymns,' 1866, based on the British Congregational Hymn-book; and his 'Singers and Songs of the Church,' 1869, has been the most extensive and useful publication on the subject till now. Others followed, usually containing, like the recent American works of Hatfield and Duffield, more blunders and less facts, or, like most of the English efforts, offering more for edification and entertainment than for information. At home Putnam, Nutter, and Burrage did some good work in illuminating each his denominational corner of the field.

Mr. Julian's big book differs from its predecessors in containing more solid matter than all of them put together, and in presenting it in an entirely new shape. On the first head there is little to say except by way of the praise due to immense research and successful industry. As to the handling and arrangement of the matter the case is different. Both the general plan of the work and the irregular way in which that plan is carried out are open to serious exception.

The dictionary, or cyclopædia, method requires a strictly alphabetic order, and places all subjects on a level: if you want Cheese, or General Grant, or Zanzibar, you know where to look for it. But it was, or should have been, a question from the start whether this method was applicable here. Names of authors and first lines of hymns do not mix well together; only one collection out of thousands has been known to group the two in a single index. The natural order is that hitherto pursued, *i. e.*, under each writer's name, after the facts of his life, to gather such of his hymns as are worth mentioning, preferably in the order of their publication. That is here done in part; to do it entirely would have saved much precious space and some trouble to the reader. Every Latin or German hymn of any note (presumably) has an article to itself, and so have a multitude of English ones, but few or none of American origin. Thus one may find "Rock of Ages" on p. 971, but not "My faith looks up to Thee" on p. 778. On looking for the latter in the index, on p. 1406, one is referred to Dr. Ray Palmer, on p. 877. Or if the reader is of antiquarian tastes, and wishes to look up such a once-popular piece as "Thou sweet flowing Kedron," he may at length discover the line on p. 1609, and then travel back to Maria De Fleury on p. 1559—for beyond the main indices of First Lines and Authors (which it has been thought necessary to keep apart here at least) is an Appendix with indices of its own. All this is clumsy, and should have been obviated; but after reading at the start (p. v.) that "the first pages were completed more than ten years ago," one is prepared to believe that many additions and corrections were afterwards needed.

To revert for a moment to first principles: every student or collector, in whatever field, knows that with more than a few dozen books, or specimens, or titles, arrangement on some definite plan is important. When the subjects mount up, as here, to many thousands, the arrangement makes all the difference between perfect utility and chaotic uselessness. This 'Dictionary' is not a chaos, but its order is not orderly enough. It might have been better to give it another name and abandon the effort at alphabetic sequence, except in the indices. Then the splendid array of the Latin hymns (which are mostly anonymous) could have been set forth in chronologic order, preceded or followed by the Greek and Syriac. The German lyrics could have had several hundred pages to themselves, authors being arranged by periods and schools, as in T. Kübler's admirable companion volume (wholly overlooked by Mr. Julian) to the two of 'Lyra Germanica.' The Italian, French, Dutch, Scandinavian, etc., would stand each by itself — as here mainly, not wholly. The vast bulk of English material, almost entirely the product of the last two centuries, would be treated like the German: first, that prior to 1700, then Watts, the Wesleys, and their followers, and so on; America, with its moderate native provision, bringing up the rear. Fatherless hymns in any of these sections would fall into line according to their dates. Then alphabetic indices, one set for the first lines and another for the writers, editors, etc., in their different departments, would (especially in the former case) probably be better guide-posts than one each—not to say two, as here—for the poetry and the poets. If one wants to find a German hymn, for instance, he will surely know that it is German, and look for it more easily among its near relations than in a hodge-podge of a dozen languages. To cite the extremest case, there is an awkwardness in mixing the Greek with our own alphabet, and placing Φῶς ἱλαρὸν next to Greville Phillimore, as in the body of this book, or to *Peuple Chrétien*, as in its index.

Such an arrangement as above suggested would have made the contents of the 'Dictionary' more valuable, both for reading and for reference. In the case of so expensive a publication, appealing to a limited class and little likely to be revised, everything should have been done to make it at once as complete as possible and as attractive as is consistent with sound scholarship. But where no regard is paid to Mr. Lincoln's advice about

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swapping horses while crossing a stream, where plans are radically changed while the work is in process, where a number of contributors work each after his own lights, some confusion is inevitable. For "Italian Hymnody" and other topics we are referred to the peculiar heading "Various." Under "Various," p. 1205, the seeker is informed that "the expansion of the work far beyond its original limits," etc., etc., "have necessitated an Appendix, which will be found at p. 1307." At p. 1307 begin the indices. Journeying on to p. 1525, the pilgrim finds the promised Appendix, which contains, mostly in very small type and severely condensed treatment, a great many topics that ought to have been thought of earlier. Here are the old names, well known to every hymnologist, of R. Burdsall, Mrs. M. F. Cowper, M. De Fleury, T. Greene, G. Heath, R. Lee, J. Marsden, J. Peacock, M. Pyper, Mrs. E. Rowe, A. Serle, Mrs. Clare Taylor, Wm. Taylor, and J. Wingrove, nearly all of the last century; the more recent but not less important names of D. E. Ford, R. Nicoll, W. Palmer, G. Robinson, Lord Selborne, Abp. Whately, the Whittemores, and E. Wigles-worth; poets of such note as W. Blake, T. Chatterton, Eliza Cook, Giles Fletcher, Hans Sachs, James Shirley, and Lord Tennyson, whose slightest connection with hymns should have put them into Mr. Julian's memoranda years ago; and such Americans as Eliel Davis, H. F. Gould, J. H. Hopkins, A. Kneeland, J. G. Lyons, F. P. Mace, B. Manly, D. March, M. F. Ossoli, G. Robins, and R. Turnbull.

Besides these worthies, preserved by a happy afterthought from hymnologic oblivion, the Appendix (which has two parts and a brief supplement) gives long additional lists of hymns "in common use" by familiar authors like Alford, Bathurst, Beddome, Bonar, Collyer, Doddridge, Ellerton, Faber, Kelly, and Lyte. These lists might be extended indefinitely. With the two leading hymnists of the eighteenth century, the editor's patience happily gave out; thus, he remarks of Dr. Watts, "Nearly 100 hymns, additional to those already annotated, are given in some minor hymn-books"; and presently of C. Wesley, "In addition to nearly 1,000 of his hymns which are annotated in this Dictionary, there are many more in C. U. which we have not space to notice." There is a moral in these confessions. If our diligent editor had strung out the thousand hymns of C. Wesley in one long row and in order of time, each set headed by the title and date of the book or tract in which they first appeared, instead of giving half of them six or eight lines apiece, repeating the same statement on many different pages, and dwelling needlessly on minute changes of text, made for the most part unintelligently at the caprice of conscienceless compilers, he would have saved a great many pages. Nobody need object to the handling at length (as is here done) of *Dies Iræ*, or *Veni Creator*, or *Ein' feste Burg;* but there are not many English hymns that have more of a history than can be told in a few lines, and between a vicious arrangement and the amplification of trivialties much space is here wasted.

What with two main parts of the book and two pairs of indices, it would be dangerous to attempt to detect omissions. The probability is that nearly every name or first line of any note which may have been overlooked in the first 1,500 pages has been caught for the Appendix. We cannot find Robert ("Satan") Montgomery, whose pious lyrics were not so bad as his epics, though none of them is much used—in fact, they seem to have sunk under the weight of his reputation; and the research of weeks might detect other oversights hardly to be called criminal. If a name does not appear in either of its proper places, it may usually be found in one of the indices: thus, E. Cooper, T. Gisborne, and Lady Lucy Whitmore are bundled away under the head of Staffordshire, and a number of minor Unitarians under their denominational title. These invidious discriminations—though with no malice prepense, for sectarian bias is happily wanting—are a small feature of the book. Foreigners who used a tongue other than Greek, Latin, or German have no rights that need be respected; thus, Savonarola is relegated to "Italian Hymnody," p. 1533, and nothing is said of a striking piece, said to be translated from one of his, which occurs in so notable a book as Dr. Kennedy's 'Hymnologia Christiana,' 1863. One curious case may charitably be supposed unique, in the absence of similar charges against the accused. The beautiful Communion hymn, "Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless Thy chosen pilgrim flock," is much used in America, and most of it is anonymous. The index, p. 1451, refers to p. 119, where a brief lyric of J. Montgomery's is cited as forming the closing stanzas of this piece, "(q. v.)" But alas, there is no "q." to our "v."; at least the texts in S and the indices, being further entreated, are dumb. Such accidents may happen in the best-regulated books, when of these dimensions, but the fewer of them the better.

Biography, in which Miller and his imitators revelled, is not Mr. Julian's strong point. This will be a disappointment to many, for the human element is precious, and the older English writers had few black sheep among them. Most of their views would call forth a smile or a frown to-day from members of the same bodies, and they produced many dreadful verses; but personally most of them were estimable and lovable people, about whom one would be glad to know more than is told here. By way of exception, Dr. Grosart is unduly explanatory concerning George Wither: "How sorrowful the wrongheadedness of the King who compelled such a true man to forsake him and prefer the kingdom to the King, as [*sic*] many others who with pathetic reluctance became Roundheads!" As A. Ward once remarked, "Too true; it's a scandalous fact."

Of style not much is expected in a dictionary, and the style of Mr. Julian and his helpers, over whose contributions he is said to have freely exercised the editorial prerogative of revision, is at times erratic. Under his own initials he speaks (p. 1291) of "several Congregational congregations"; and he or they are fond of saying that So-and-so became a pastor or professor and "retained the same" for so long, or was born at such a date, and "subsequently" or "afterwards" emigrated, or what not. The doubt whether Dr. Nettleton "ever did or ever could have written" a hymn may be well founded, but is not prettily expressed.

What little there is of criticism goes far to reconcile us to the lack of more. "Amongst modern hymn-writers, Dr. Irons ranks with the first," though "his hymns have not been largely used outside of his own congregation." Oh, no; his version of *Dies Iræ* is in almost universal use, and it is the only thing of his of any special note. Seven of T. Kelly's "rank with the first hymns in the English language." In quality, not one of them does; he was a good man and a useful versifier, but of very limited faculties. Bishop Mant "is known chiefly through his translations from the Latin." On the contrary, these, with possibly two exceptions, are inferior to his originals, and much less used. Dr. M. W. Stryker of Chicago will feel doubtfully complimented on learning that his productions are "full of dogmatism and fire"—two qualities which in hymns have not usually helped each other since the days of Toplady. Dr. Grosart cites as "very fine" and "still finer" two unused and ordinary pieces by E. Perronet. Dr. J. H. Overton, who as rector of Epworth may be expected to enthuse over the Wesleys, says "it is perfectly marvellous how many there are which rise to the highest degree of excellence" among the 6,500 sacred songs of Charles; and of his sister Mehetabel (Mrs. Wright, far less known to fame), that she "had an exquisite poetic genius," and "it is a great temptation to go on quoting this exquisite writer." Those who write for dictionaries should learn to resist such temptations. It is Dr. Overton again who "caps the climate" of alleged criticism in asserting that Dean Stanley's "poetry is prosaic. The divine afflatus is wanting. . . . That exquisite taste and felicity of diction which distinguish more or less all his prose writings seem to desert him when he is writing verse." This is as wide of the mark as well could be. Three or four of Stanley's pieces have come within the range of recent collections, but others, found only in the Westminster Abbey Hymn Book, are too delicate, too subtle, too fine (in the stricter meaning of the word) for common use.

In statements of fact the book may be held to have attained, as was its business, a high level of general accuracy; at least, bad blunders are few. Dr. Joseph Beaumont did not die September 3, 1652, but November 23, 1699. The one hymn credited on p. 1586 to Prof. Phelps of Andover was published by Charles Wesley in 1762, and is so mentioned on p. 1264, No. 339. W. B. Rands, better known as "Henry Holbeach," was a precocious youth if he died at the age of twenty; and Dr. W. H. Furness accomplished an unexampled feat if he "graduated at Harvard in Arts and Theology 1820"; the date 1823 should be added. American names, of course, are full of pitfalls for the unwary Briton. "Bowdon College" (p. 108), "Brown's University" (p. 316), "H. W. Bellowes" (p. 400), "Higham" (p. 810), and perhaps "Gall River" (p. 685), explain themselves to a native, but "Eaton," twice on p. 451, needs to be interpreted into Easton, Pa., and "New Haven," in at least four places, into New Hampshire, a State apparently unknown to Mr. Julian and his proof-reader. Moncure *Dana* Conway (p. 1195) disguises a family surname (Daniel). Little slips of this kind are numerous, and are accounted for by the fact that this edition is reprinted *verb., lit., et punct.* from that of Murray in London.

To sum up, the 'Dictionary of Hymnology' comes as near exhausting the bibliography of its subject as could be expected or reasonably desired. It contains a huge mass of information, imperfectly digested, and presented with inadequate regard to proportion, economy, and order. The German part is far ahead of the English, in quantity and quality; and the same may be said in a degree of the Latin, which has been committed to several hands. The volume should go into every public library and upon the shelves of such as care for extended consideration of its topics. As a book of reference it has no rivals, and is unlikely to be superseded for a long time to come. But

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its technical character and approach to scientific methods will make it caviare to the general: it has few pretty stories to tell at prayer-meetings or round out a sermon with, and these are what most people want in connection with hymns. The more serious reader will often be disappointed by the difficulty of finding what he is after, the paucity of biographic data, the crude feebleness of occasional comments, and the general lowness of the literary tone. If Mr. James Mearns, who was assistant editor towards the last, had extended his cares from the German to the native English hymns and been allowed to direct the whole, or if some competent writer—say Mr. W. T. Brooke, whose brief notice of his master, the late D. Sedgwick, shows a discriminating mind and an apprehension of the uses of language—had been commissioned to handle Mr. Julian's huge accumulations and thrash them into shape, it would be possible to praise with less qualification this large result of long-continued and arduous labors.

MARSHAL MACDONALD'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Recollections of Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum. Edited by Camille Rousset (Member of the French Academy); translated by Stephen Louis Simeon. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 356, 380.

MARSHAL MACDONALD'S personal recollections add another to the list of valuable contributions to history which have recently come forth from the seclusion of French family archives. The book carries in every page the evidence that it was written, as it professes to be, purely from memory, dashed off at speed, without revision by the aid of documents. By the same evidence, Macdonald's memory is shown to be tenacious and reliable, and the occasional slips which are inevitable in such a memoir are neither numerous enough nor important enough to diminish the substantial value of the narrative. What might be lost in fulness of historical detail is more than made up in the lively and vigorous presentation of the Marshal's own personality. He stands vividly before us for what he was—a brave, honest, and blunt man, half Scotch and half French, whose military eminence was fairly won and honorably used.

Such memoirs, when honestly written, have an authority which is unique. Every student of history is conscious, from time to time, of an overpowering wish to interrogate the actors in great events. Their character, their bearing and manner, their freedom of disclosure, and their reticences, all are full of meaning. It is perhaps unnecessary to make the qualification that such memoirs should be honestly written, if the material be abundant enough and the witnesses sufficiently numerous. No writer ever attempted more deliberately to construct history in his own interest than Napoleon; but the story dictated at Saint Helena has its perversions of the truth exposed by the overwhelming mass of the Emperor's current correspondence, and the sinister light thrown upon his character as a ruler makes the self-exposure one of the most important helps to the truth.

It is not long since the rules of our courts of justice excluded all interested parties from being witnesses; but a short experience has taught us that, for the purposes of discovering the truth, the cross-examination of the contestants themselves is worth more than a cloud of other witnesses. An analogous conclusion holds good in history, and nothing helps more to turn the lay figures of a formal historical drawing into living and comprehensible men than to set them to talking. Their memories will, of course, differ as to minor matters of detail, but it will not be hard to discover who is most trustworthy or who is seeking to give a false gloss to the facts.

This is well illustrated in comparing the story Macdonald tells of his escape across the Elster after the rout at Leipzig, with that of Marbot. Macdonald's command was the last to leave the lines in front of the town, and, when he reached the bridge, it had already been blown up and the mob of fugitives was crowding into the stream to meet death in another form. The Marshal succeeded in getting out of the confusion on one side, and some distance from the bridge he found that two trees had been felled on the bank of the stream, side by side, and by laying shutters and doors on the trunks a swaying bridge had been made, over which some were escaping across the narrow stream. The trees separated and the flooring fell. Macdonald dismounted and clambered across the trunks; but, as he neared the other side, the shaking caused by others who were following him, threw him into the water. He could, however, reach the bottom, and waded out, dripping and muddy. One of his grooms had stripped and swum across, bringing to him a wallet and papers which he had left with his cloak on the other side. He says that Marmont furnished him with a horse, and the naked soldier walked beside him towards Markranstädt, where the Emperor was. Marbot was in command of a brigade of cavalry which sought to hold back the Allies and cover the escape of the French fugitives, and was witness to part, at least, of the scene. He saw the naked man, but supposed it was Macdonald, and that he had stripped and swum the stream. He says that he sent a led horse of his own to the Marshal. Both accounts have only just become known, and were, of course, written each in complete ignorance of what the other said. Marbot was most likely to be mistaken as to the Marshal's stripping to swim the river, where Macdonald's statement is conclusive; but we can understand how the former, busy with his own combat and seeing a group in which stood a naked man, would be honestly misled. As to the loan of the horse, Marbot, to whom it belonged, is the stronger witness, and the Marshal most likely to be mistaken. Thus the minor differences are such as would naturally arise, and the concurrence in the more important facts establishes these beyond dispute.

A similar analysis makes Macdonald's testimony of decisive importance in relieving Marmont from the charge of traitorous conduct at the fall of Paris in 1814. Napoleon, on his return from Elba, justified his invasion of France by the assertion that his abdication would not have occurred except for what he called Marmont's treason. Macdonald's circumstantial statement shows that Napoleon consented at Fontainebleau to abdicate on the representations of his generals (not including Marmont) that further contest was useless. Macdonald, Ney, and Coulaincourt were made commissioners to treat, on the part of the army, for the best terms which could be obtained. On their way to Paris they passed Marmont's camp and informed him of their mission. He had fallen into the error of entertaining negotiations for separate terms for his own command, but accompanied them to Paris, and notified the allied sovereigns that he should make solid cause with the others, and this was acceded to. In his absence, and contrary to his orders, his subordinates marched the troops within the allied lines, the occasion for it being some peremptory orders of Napoleon's that they should march to Fontainebleau. This seemed to indicate the withdrawal of the abdication and a new appeal to arms, and Marmont's generals of divisions cut the knot by marching in the other direction. Macdonald describes Marmont's dismay when first learning how grave a mistake he had made, his appeal to Prince Schwarzenberg to place him again in the same situation as the rest, his manifest joy when this was done, and his grief and wrath when he learned that his subordinates had prematurely surrendered. Marmont's own memoirs have long been before the world, and have been supported by sufficient corroboration to make the scale turn in his favor; but the circumstantial narrative of Macdonald, an impartial and honorable witness, must be held to be conclusive of the controversy.

The Marshal's account of the Hundred Days is as thrilling as anything can be. He points out the faults which had produced a general reaction against the Bourbons, so that the army, at least, was ready to desert them when Napoleon landed at Fréjus. He accompanied the King's brother to Lyons, and tells how the troops passed from apathy to sullenness, and then to open revolt as Napoleon drew near. It was with difficulty that Monseigneur got away, and only extraordinary vigor and shrewdness saved Macdonald from being carried to Napoleon as a prisoner. His return to Paris was full of adventure, and he gives a vivid picture of the change in the garrison and in public sentiment as Napoleon drew near. Finally the King fled to the frontier almost alone, and Macdonald, leaving him, then returned to Paris, but refused to join Napoleon, and shut himself up in his own house. Marshal Davout, Minister of War, forced himself into the apartment and begged Macdonald to declare for the Emperor, but he answered that the new revolution was contrary to the interests of France, and refused to have anything to do with it. He was able to give Davout the first news of the outlawry of Napoleon by the Congress of Vienna, and of the renewal of the European alliance against him. Davout in substance acknowledged that this made the situation desperate, as the Emperor had hoped that Austria would prevent it. We are made to feel the suspense before the battle of Waterloo, and the dismay which seized upon all true Frenchmen when France was more prostrate than ever before the allied invaders. The brilliant insanity of Napoleon's last stroke, its selfish disregard of the true interests of the country, and the utter ruin it brought to the army and the military chiefs who had made it possible, are told as only one could tell who kept his head cool in the midst of it all, and who had a high enough standard of personal honor and duty to keep him from catching the unthinking enthusiasm of his comrades. Macdonald mourned over the folly which threw away reform for revolution, making absolute Bourbonism possible for the next fifteen years; and we are helped to understand how the revolutions of 1830, of 1848, and of 1852 became not only possible but inevitable.

If the passages we have referred to have the greater general interest, it is not because others are lacking in it. The opening sketch of military service during the Terror, though a mere outline, is full of instruction; so is the Italian campaign of 1797, that of 1809, and the field of Wagram. Macdonald perhaps slurs a little

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his defeat at the Katzbach in 1813, but still he shows enough of the effects of storm and flood, of misunderstanding of orders, and of official insubordination under any but Napoleon's own hand, to make it evident that it was not for lack of capacity to handle an independent army that he suffered that reverse.

The book is sure of a high place in military history, and the lovers of that department of literature will only wish there were more of it. The English version is in excellent form, beautifully printed, and illustrated with copperplate engravings from paintings by Charpentier, Horace Vernet, Girardet, and others. The frontispiece is a photogravure after David's portrait of the Marshal. The translation is satisfactory, though a few slips are noticeable. In the synopsis at the head of chapter iii. of the second volume, "Naples" is printed for Tilsit. On page 264 of the same volume the French "brigadier" is rendered by the same word in English, which is erroneous and misleading, as the *brigadier* in a French cavalry regiment is a non-commissioned officer of the rank of a corporal of infantry.

Germanic Origins: A Study in Primitive Culture. By Francis B. Gummere. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1892. Pp. 490.

It was time to summarize for English-speakers the facts and theories up to date concerning the civilization, home, religion, the social and physical status of the early Germanic tribes. The general public, and even the scholar, will be grateful for such a work. It requires a man of broad sympathies—we are thinking of the narrow spirit shown by Germans and Frenchmen when they try to determine the original Aryan type—and of very wide learning in philology, ethnology, and archæology. The scope of this book is somewhat narrower than the primer or résumé we have in mind. The author aims to give an account of the founders of "the great English-speaking race while they held their old home, their old faith, their old customs." His use of the word "race" shows well his position as to ethnology, which should go hand in hand with philology. He scorns the "witness of the skull"; for him there is only the "witness of speech," as the late Prof. Freeman expressed himself. Putting the primitive Aryan and Teuton on a level with other savages is, in his eyes, an abomination. He calls it the *Interpretatio Africana.* In the chapter "Men and Women" our ancestor, clad in skins and a bit of linen, and living in the forest, is a "huge, keen-eyed, florid, yellow-haired person, impetuous, melancholy, cruel, passionate, fitful, with dreams of conquest, with longings dull and indefinite, with a contempt for civilization, and an eagerness to touch and keep some of its nobler elements." This is "rhetoric" of the sort of which Prof. Gummere frequently and justly complains in his sources, for instance in Sidonius Apollinaris and in Tacitus. From a sober, scientific point of view there is no English-speaking race at all. English is spoken by different races which are grouped politically in separate nations. The above beautiful portrait is that of a man who, in the later chapters on "Worship of the Dead," "The Funeral," "Form and Ceremony," is depicted as given to ancestral worship, guilty of sacrificing wife, friend, child, and slave. The father exposed his children. The old and feeble were killed or exposed. Again, we are told how our ancestor drank mead excessively, mixed blood and honey, and sipped this beverage from the skull of friend or foe; how he wooed and won the fair without really being in love—just like any other savage, forsooth. The only concession Prof. Gummere makes to the demands of ethnology is the admission of ancestral worship. But he prefers to assume a separate origin for the worship of Nature, though "doubtless much of this worship once belonged to ancestors, but it soon ceased to be regarded as such. From the start man must have felt that the water, or the cloud, or the cave had a population not entirely dependent on emigration from the living world of men: he must have recognized at the outset a *natura naturans.*" This view is a remnant of the antiquated mythology of Simrock, Grimm, and Max Müller.

In the chapter on "Land and People" the author clings to the old tradition that the home of the Aryan "race" was in Asia. Is it not time to throw this notion overboard? It is not settled where in Europe it was, but a non-Asiatic home of the Aryans is all but a certainty. Müllenhoff thinks that the Germans considered themselves autochthonous. Why not treat them as such for the purposes of this book? If Prof. Gummere was not willing to do that, he might have briefly given the reasons for and against, or referred the layman to Taylor's 'Origin of the Aryans,' or Rendall's 'Cradle of the Aryans,' two books that treat scientific facts and speculations without rhetoric, yet popularly and clearly.

The sources consulted in the making of the book our author gives in foot-notes and partly in the introduction. He has at his disposal all the necessary material, from the last section of Paul's 'Grundriss' back to Pytheas. The main sources of our knowledge of the primitive German are three: (1) the contemporary classical writers, *e. g.*, the 'Germania' of Tacitus; (2) early Germanic literature, *e. g.*, 'Beowulf'; (3) survivals, *e. g.*, the church festival of All Souls. Prof. Gummere lays a great deal of stress on 'Beowulf,' which is pardonable in a professor of English. He himself calls a very long extract from it in the chapter on the Germanic home "somewhat tedious." The translations from 'Beowulf' and German poetry are made by himself, and they are excellent.

The book is well written. It is bright and interesting, even brilliant in places. There runs through it a vein of enthusiasm and good humor, a mine of first-hand quotations and anecdotes, that will attract and amuse the general reader.

The Art of Entertaining. By M. E. W. Sherwood. Dodd, Mead & Co.

What To Do. By Mrs. Oliver Bell Bunce. D. Appleton & Co.

If we are to take without sceptical reservation the word of the Scriptures that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, who is there who should be so wise as that much-counselled representative of her sex's beneficent activities, the young housekeeper? It is professedly in behoof of this typical and interesting personage that the last portly addition to the "Portia Series" delivers its precepts at "full-throated ease." Several reasons, however, suggest themselves why the young housekeeper should hesitate for a while before committing herself irretrievably to a perusal of these thirty-seven chapters and a preface.

It is to be feared, in the first place, that unless she have an unusual devotion to the tenth commandment, she will find it difficult to preserve a due respect for the decalogue while she reads all about the table-cloths of duchesse lace, the cups of Russian gold filagree for cordials, and the "splendid bouquets" at those ladies' lunches that cost a thousand dollars, without counting "the cost of the china, the glass, porcelain, cloisonné, Dresden, Sèvres and silver, which make the table a picture"; or about the delightful doings, so intimately described, of those "many opulent people" who keep thirty servants and live "with much of European elegance"; or about the menus and the functions in those sublimated spheres, "our best country houses." Unless, indeed, she be a very angelic, or else herself an "opulent" young housekeeper, it is even conceivable that, in view of the state of her wardrobe, she may not find it conducive to a virtuous frame of mind to be assured that, whether high in the neck or low in the neck, "the dinner dress must be handsome."

Another and different sort of difficulty that the young housekeeper will have to encounter in these pages is that of keeping the thread of the discourse. If she be of very strong mental texture, it may not rend the serenity of her mind to be called on, when she seems to be just on the point of getting at information that will be of practical usefulness in her own modest station in life, to learn that "the royalties, all blessed with good appetites, eat eggs on toast, hot scones, and other good things at five o'clock tea, and take often an *avant goût* also at seven." In fact, we will venture to assert that more is to be learned from this book about the appetites of "the royalties," past and present, than from any other book of its size and scope in existence. If the young housekeeper is anxious to increase her knowledge in this direction, or to remember, in case of a possible emergency, that it might be a compliment to Mr. Stanley, by way of contrast to the Dark Continent, "to ornament the ball-room with Arctic boulders, around which should be hung the tropical flowers and vines of Africa," it would be well for her to put away 'The Art of Entertaining' for future reference. Otherwise, she may safely let it go where Mr. Henry James says the bad novels go—"to some unvisited limbo, or infinite rubbish-yard, beneath the back windows of the world."

'What To Do' is not a plethoric volume. It is, on the contrary, a thin compilation of seventy small 18mo pages, whose contents are suggestive of exceeding thinness of individuality on the part of those who would be likely to claim their services. Not that we do not hold, with rustic *Audrey*, that it is "no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world." The wish to have the best manners is only second to the wish to have the best feelings, which they should express. Unfortunately, however, these things are not to be come at by dipping into pocket manuals of etiquette. What innate dignity, good feeling, common sense, and observation cannot teach the "plain" man and woman, must be left to time and association. Better an honest admission of ignorance of social forms than the regulations of a *Touchstone* who admonishes gentlemen to stay in their rooms in bath-robes and slippers, and ladies not to eat sweets or rattle their programmes in a theatre.

The Life of Charles Sumner: The Scholar in Politics. By Archibald H. Grimké. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1892.

Charles Sumner. By Anna Laurens Dawes. [Makers of America.] Dodd, Mead & Co. 1892.

To say our ill things first: Mr. Grimké's book

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has been printed with extreme carelessness, as if the publishers had no conscience for the niceties of the printer's art. There are fewer typographical mistakes than in Mr. Grimké's 'Garrison,' in the same series, but we have counted them by scores, and the misspellings and grammatical errors for which the author must be held responsible are many. The book is written in an easy, flowing style that tends to diffuseness and to a vivid rhetoric which is sometimes of doubtful taste, as where we read of Sumner's "mastiff glare and spring," and, in the same sentence, of "his powerful lance." There is a great paucity of dates, with too little definite statement and too much moralizing by the way. The book is not well proportioned: 161 pages are devoted to Sumner's early life before he entered the political field, and only forty pages to the eleven years of active service following emancipation. But this is readily accounted for by the fact that only the first two volumes of Mr. Pierce's unfinished biography were available to Mr. Grimké.

His book is written in terms of hearty admiration. There is more discrimination in the body of it than in the preface, where we are told that "Garrison more than any other man embodied the moral forces of the conflict," while "Sumner was the impersonation of the political movement against the giant evil of the country." But what Sumner really stood for was the moral element in politics, for a hatred of slavery and all caste distinctions not inferior to that of the abolitionists who were his earliest anti-slavery teachers. There was never perfect sympathy between him and the politicians of his party. His interpretation of the Constitution was not that of Garrison, but "Freedom national, slavery sectional." Which was the more accurate need not be considered here, though it might have been in Mr. Grimké's book without impropriety. It was, however, obviously a piece of good fortune that a man of Sumner's force and character could accept the interpretation that allowed slavery no national existence, and make that interpretation the rallying-cry of a political party. But it is noteworthy that his political attitude did not preclude his sympathy with the attitude and agitation that were wholly moral.

Sumner's interpretation of the Constitution in regard to slavery was only a part of his general exaggeration of the national as opposed to the federal aspect of the Government and the rights of individual States. No Republican inherited more largely the centralizing national tradition of the Federalists and Whigs. Mr. Grimké brings out this fact clearly and furnishes it with many illustrations. Those who are interested in coincidences will be glad to read that Sumner sailed for Europe, where his travels were to be wide and his personal connections of the happiest, on the very day (December 8, 1837) on which Wendell Phillips made his great speech against the Lovejoy murder. Mr. Grimké gives a full account of the circumstances of Brooks's assault on Sumner. If Sumner's sense of humor had been greater, he would have wondered at it less, for more exasperating language he could not have used. In the same debate, disclaiming personalities, and insisting that they could not be allowed, he compared Mr. Douglas to a "noisome, squat, and nameless animal," emitting "the perpetual stench of offensive personality."

Miss Dawes's book presents more points of contrast than resemblance with Mr. Grimké's. It is strong where that is weak, and weak where that is strong. It is a much more intellectual book, and a great deal more careful study has gone to its preparation. It gives us much more information, and its information is much more explicit and exact. This is true of Sumner's private life as well as of his public career. The man is made much more real to us, Miss Dawes having had the advantage of her father's acquaintance with Sumner, and perhaps some recollections of her own. Mr. Pierce's two volumes have lain lighter on her spirit than on Mr. Grimké's. Allowing 43 pages to Sumner's life before 1845 and 140 to the years after 1863, she has reversed Mr. Grimké's emphasis and shown her wisdom in so doing. She has written the more masculine book of the two, except, possibly, that she tends to gossip as her rival never does. But she is lacking in the genuine sympathy with her subject which Mr. Grimké has and manifests on every page. The biography that she has written is essentially a work of filial piety. The name of Senator Dawes is mentioned only twice according to the index—once more in fact—while the veiled allusions to him are numerous. But he is visible everywhere between the lines; and to prove that Sumner was not a bigger man, or so very much bigger, is a purpose that is never lost sight of. The effect of this is painful on the reader's mind. He feels that Miss Dawes is writing Sumner down as much as possible. Compelled by his character and his performance to express her admiration, every time she does so the reader finds himself saying, "Now for the depreciation"; and it almost never fails to come. If any trait is exceptionally fine, as, for example, his response to Channing's spiritual genius, she speaks of it as "a side of Mr. Sumner's nature not altogether natural to him." She does not damn him with faint praise, nor hesitate to express her dislike, but she is always hinting faults; the slur and innuendo following her spasms of generosity as inevitably as the night the day. There are several things introduced as rumors which should not have been introduced at all, or without distinct authority. The unkindest cut of all is where Miss Dawes extends a gracious possibility to things she cannot rationally believe, as, for example, that Sumner favored Chase's elevation to the Supreme Court to get rid of him as a rival aspirant to the Presidency. It is a pity that a book into which much faithful work has gone should have these disfigurements. It abounds in admirable matter and in nice discrimination.

The Life and Letters of Samuel Palmer, Painter and Etcher. Written and edited by A. H. Palmer. London: Seeley & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1892.

It would scarcely be too strong an expression to say that the name of Samuel Palmer is absolutely unknown in this country; and even in England, his native land, his reputation is not much more widely spread. Yet he was an artist worth knowing about, and his son has done well to put on record the story of his career. A much briefer account would have answered all purposes, however, and would, at the same time, one cannot help feeling, have been far more effective in bringing this obscure though interesting artist to the notice of an indifferent and ignoring world. Few persons will care to plod through the 170 pages of memoir, and fewer still the 230 additional pages of letters, in all of which, from beginning to end, there is not a single episode or event of the slightest interest to any one beyond the artist's own family circle or associates. The interest of the life lies in its singleness of purpose, and in the nobility of endeavor to realize ideals maintained uninterruptedly through long years under almost continuous disappointment and failure.

Early in life Samuel Palmer became the intimate friend of William Blake, and the quality of his mind seems much like that of Blake. He had the exalted poetic imagination, and uncompromising fidelity to his own visions, erratic though they might be, if not in the same degree as had Blake, yet of the same kind. But his character was far less rugged and manly. There is much of religion mingled with his art; and the fact that although his ancestors and connections were all the strongest sort of Dissenters (Baptists), while he himself early became an uncompromising Churchman, may serve to throw some light upon the nature of his mind. The things of the Church, old cathedrals, old ceremonials, and all the mediæval life had strong hold upon him. As his biographer says, he approached his work in the spirit of a mediæval monk—as Fra Angelico might have done.

Samuel Palmer tried all his life to paint in oils, but without success; it is as a painter of water colors, and more especially as a teacher in that branch, that his accomplishment lay. His etching was confined to about a dozen plates, which have a considerable reputation. They manifest much knowledge of nature, much power and delicacy of drawing; but, with the exception of the early Shoreham drawings, greatly influenced by Blake, they seem to have been chosen for their adaptability to reproduction, and hardly suggest the intense poetic idealism for which their author is praised. Neither, of course, do they convey any idea of the force and splendor of color which is said to be characteristic of Palmer. Scattered throughout the memoir are many striking passages from his voluminous memorandum books and letters. They show great insight into his craft, for which he maintained to the last a passionate devotion. There are also many incisive criticisms on literary and artistic matters. Not a few of the notes, however, require some acquaintance with Palmer's works in order to be profitable. For example, in this passage—"A mass of shade in centre, with one side hard and the other soft [sketches] as my *Morning of Life;* but in this kind where the clash is between distance and sky, dark must be somewhere else; and, I think, best organized thus [sketch]"—the absence of the illustrative sketches makes the note perfectly unintelligible. The letters, which fill more than half the book, although written in an attractive and original fashion, might well have been much condensed, particularly as many passages which they contain have previously done duty in the memoir.

Imperial Defence. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart., and Spenser Wilkinson. Macmillan & Co. 16mo, pp. 234.

The collaboration of authors in this little book is such as gives the whole a very high authority as a discussion of the question of the vulnerability of the British Empire. Sir Charles Dilke has made the problems of "Greater Britain" peculiarly his own, and, by repeated personal visits and investigations, has made himself preëminent among living English statesmen for an intimate knowledge of all the British colonies. He has shown also an aptitude for comprehending the elements of the larger military questions which grow out of the vast extent of the British possessions.

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Capt. Wilkinson has an established reputation for mastery of the theory of army organization. The result is a discussion of the relation of Great Britain to future possible wars which must command the attention of both statesmen and soldiers, and which will be profitable reading for everybody interested in public affairs.

The Afghan frontier of India is taken as the probable theatre of land operations in the next struggle to maintain the Empire, and a topographical and strategic study is made of it at once succinct and clear. The maps are compiled from the latest and best authorities, and make the complicated features of the great divide between the Indus and the Oxus easily understood. Now,' as in former generations, the "wooden walls" are regarded as the necessary bulwark of England's safety, not only in her island home, but in her empire which is bathed by every sea in the four quarters of the globe. To keep the navy decisively superior to any combined fleets which might be arrayed against her, is the prime necessity. A better and more independent organization of the army in India is the second.

The relations with Russia are discussed calmly, the conclusion being that, in any European disturbance in the near future, the natural attractions and antagonisms are likely to place Russia and France in opposition to England and the central European kingdoms. As between England and any single Power, Russia is most likely to prove an opponent because the rival interests in the far East are those most likely to provoke collision. The problem is considered from this point of view, aided by all reliable data.

Animal Life and Intelligence. By C. Lloyd Morgan, F.G.S. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1891. 8vo, pp. xvi, 512, illustrated.

By means of this book Prof. Morgan is exerting a considerable influence for good on naturalists of the present generation. In the theoretical and the problematical he is one of the safest guides among modern European writers, and in the main his teachings are of the soundest, scientifically and philosophically. He is a conservative evolutionist, not exactly of the American type, so called, but rather of the true Darwinian. More liberal than the latter, he yet favors selection too much, and effort and reaction, as resulting in hereditary tendencies of greater or less diffusion, too little for the former. Rather than credit selection with the effects not proved to belong to some other factor, the American goes so far as to demand evidence of the supposed struggles for existence, and proof that competition and elimination, instead of simple divergences through use and disuse, have produced the differentiation of particular species. To concede, as Prof. Morgan does of the individuals, that 90 per cent. or more of the species may have been lost through fortuitous agencies, would reduce the extravagant estimates of selection that have prevailed, though not quite enough for those who desire proof that instances in which selection has been the one great factor have not themselves been fortuitous.

Prof. Morgan's position is not open to the objections urged against that of the neo-Darwinians. The three evolutionary agents on which he most relies are (1) elimination through natural selection, (2) selection through preferential mating, and (3) the inheritance of individually acquired modifications. These will sufficiently indicate the lines along which he traces the development of organs and faculties. It was his purpose to deal with animal intelligence. As an indispensable foundation he makes a study of life and its evolution. With the greater portion of this matter we are already somewhat familiar, but not in such a clear and powerful presentation. Necessarily his work involves consideration of prominent theories of origin, and the strength of the author is especially manifest in his critical analyses of their claims for recognition. Their inconsistencies are put forward in such light as will not permit them to be ignored. Of Weismann's germ plasm he says it is an unknowable, invisible, hypothetical entity, which by a little skilful manipulation may be made to account for anything and everything; a myth or mystery of no practical value, and of a character against which biological science should set its face. He points out the impossibility of excluding the possibility of direct action on the germ. In his discussion of Darwin's pangenesis, with its gemmules and unlimited supposabilities in explanations, he asks whether an honest confession of ignorance is not a more satisfactory position. The inability of the advocates of the absolute sway of natural selection to give an adequate answer to the question, "How are particular variations (as in the twisted skull of the flat fish) produced?" also receives attention. Protoplasmic unity and cellular continuity are Morgan's points of departure.

From the consideration of the nature and origin of life and the factors and methods of organic evolution he passes to the senses of animals, mental processes in men and in animals, appetence and emotion, habit and instinct, and finally to mental evolution. The assumptions concerning body and mind which in his opinion yield the most consistent and harmonious results are those of the monistic hypothesis, which assumes the molecular changes of brain activity (neuroses) and the concomitant consciousness (psychosis) to be identical. This is preferred to the materialistic theory that psychosis is a product of neurosis, and to the spiritualistic hypothesis of the existence of conscious beings independent of matter. Neurosis and psychosis are identical, the former being the outer or objective aspect, the latter the inner or subjective. The neuroses have been evolved, through simpler modes of molecular action, from others too simple to be called neuroses, and the psychoses through simpler psychoses from something far back that answers to the subjective side of motion. "Every mode of kinesis has its concomitant mode of metakinesis, and when the kinetic manifestations assume the form of the molecular processes in the human brain [neuroses], the metakinetic manifestations assume the form of human consciousness [psychosis]. . . . Every kinesis has an associated metakinesis, and parallel to the evolution of organic and neural kinesis there has been an evolution of metakinetic manifestations culminating in conscious thought." By making it the metakinetic concomitant of a highly specialized form of kinesis, Prof. Morgan avoids committing himself to the admission either that consciousness is a property of all matter, or that it is something independent of matter. Phenomena are states of consciousness, and cannot for percipients be anything else, but he adds that they have a kinetic aspect; and this, with the initial assumption of a noumenal system of "things in themselves," enables him to avoid idealism.

From the assumed identity of neuroses and psychoses it follows that the history of the development of the mind is practically that of the brain. And as the generic difference between the mind of the brute and that of the man lies in the latter's power of analysis, it again follows that the history of the evolution of the human mind is that of the brain of the animal, plus that of the facilities for abstract thinking. In the case of the lower animal, and of the practical activities of the man, the development is said to be subject to the law of natural selection; but, besides inheritance of individually acquired faculty, a new law, that of elimination through incongruity, is put forward to account for mental evolution when the neural processes become capable of originating metakinetic hypotheses, theories, interpretations of nature, moral ideas, and religious conceptions. Incongruity here means little else than uselessness, and American thinkers will account for the evolution of the higher phases, as of the lower, by aid of the laws of use and disuse and of heredity, with less assistance from selection than is invoked by our author in either case.

Space will not permit us to give an adequate idea of the depth of the author's researches, the cogency of his arguments, or the attractiveness of his style. We can but add that there are few works on the subject so deserving the attention of our students.

The Evolution of Christianity. By Lyman Abbott. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This book attempts "to restate the eternal yet ever new truths of the religious life in the terms of modern philosophic thought." This is done in the hope that Christian faith may be made thereby "more rational and credible." But Dr. Abbott, as is well known, repudiates a good part of historic and current Christian theology, and hence the reconciliation of his personal religious beliefs with the evolutionary philosophy may leave the faith of the generality untouched. On the scientific side, on the other hand, he confesses himself a "non-expert." There must necessarily, therefore, remain much doubt of the authority of his exposition of the faith of the historic church or of the implications of evolution—much more of his right to declare the two identical.

But there can be no doubt of the ability and attractiveness of these lectures, nor of the fact that they represent the direction in which a great many thoughtful Christians are moving. We can well believe that the positions which Dr. Abbott here assumes will be welcomed, as he hopes they will be, by not a few as a way out of their mental perplexities. The question arises, however, whether every such successive "reconciliation" of Christianity with science or philosophy does not by so much break down the distinctively supernatural claims of the former. What becomes of the independent and sufficient sanctions of a system of religious thought that is ductile under the pressure of each new prevalent form of philosophic speculation? How much more permanent can an evolutionary Christianity be expected to be than a Christianity run into the moulds of Greek philosophy? Martineau has acutely observed of Butler's 'Analogy' that, while admirable as an argument to close the mouths of the Deists, it was really in direct opposition to the accepted view of Christianity as something quite apart from and superior to nature. That Dr. Abbott can save "the eternal truths of the religious life" in an evolutionary philosophy is undoubtedly true; they could be saved under any philosophy which did not blink the facts of human nature. Whether he

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has given new strength to a particular way of conceiving of those truths by hitching it to the doctrine of evolution, is another matter.

A Course of Experiments in Physical Measurements. Part IV. By Harold Whiting. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Two parts of Dr. Whiting's work have already been noticed in this journal. The part before us consists of an appendix for the use of teachers, and, from its point of view, is one of the most elaborate works which have been published. The author begins by stating in sufficient detail the necessities of a physical laboratory, as regards the building and its permanent furniture, position, exposure, and mode of heating. Two plans are given, one of which is, we believe, substantially identical with one in the upper story of the Jefferson Physical Laboratory at Cambridge, which has been found to be extremely well adapted to its purpose. A long list of apparatus follows, general descriptions being given in many cases, as well as prices of instruments sufficient at least for purposes of instruction. The third appendix, or chapter, treats of the subject of expenses, and Dr. Whiting gives his estimate of the total cost of the apparatus described in his list as from $300 to $500. This chapter contains a good deal of detail of great value to instructors and based upon much experience. The subject of instruction comes next, and here we find sound practical advice as to what may be called the detail of teaching, the proper mode of keeping systematic note-books containing a full account of the experiments made and also of the calculations involved. In appendix v, we have a very large number of experiments and calculations taken from actually reported students' work, and giving a better idea of the kind and grade of Dr. Whiting's teaching than could be gained from many pages of mere description. Appendixes vi, vii, and viii contain lists of experiments intended to cover the ground required for admission to Harvard College under different conditions. The remaining chapters are chiefly mathematical and do not require special notice here. The subject of the probability of errors is treated at length and very clearly. Dr. Whiting's work cannot fail of a cordial reception among students as well as among teachers. It is very gratifying to those who were educated by the old system of ex-cathedrâ lectures to mark the progress of modern methods of instruction.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barrie, J. M. My Lady Nicotine. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25 cents.
Beecher, H. W. A Book of Prayer. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 75 cents.
Bradford, Rev. A. H. Old Wine: New Bottles. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 35 cents.
Carpenter, Mary T. A Girl's Winter in India. Randolph. $1.50.
Century Magazine. Nov., 1891—April, 1892. The Century Co.
Clark, Imogen. Small Helps for To-day. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Dejob, Charles. L'Instruction Publique en France et en Italie. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.
Deschamps, Gaston. La Grèce d'aujourd'hui. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.

JUNE
EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.

ARTICLES.—The Educational Policy of the Stanford University, David S. Jordan; The Teaching of Geography, II., William M. Davis; Values in the Education of the Deaf, Edward M. Gallaudet; Notes on Educational Method, Harry K. Wolfe; Public School Pioneering: A Reply, George H. Martin; Compulsory Education in the United States, II., William B. Shaw; Results under an Elective System, I., Richard G. Boone.
DISCUSSIONS.—College Entrance Requirements in English, James E. Russell; Higher Education in Arkansas, A. C. Millar.
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